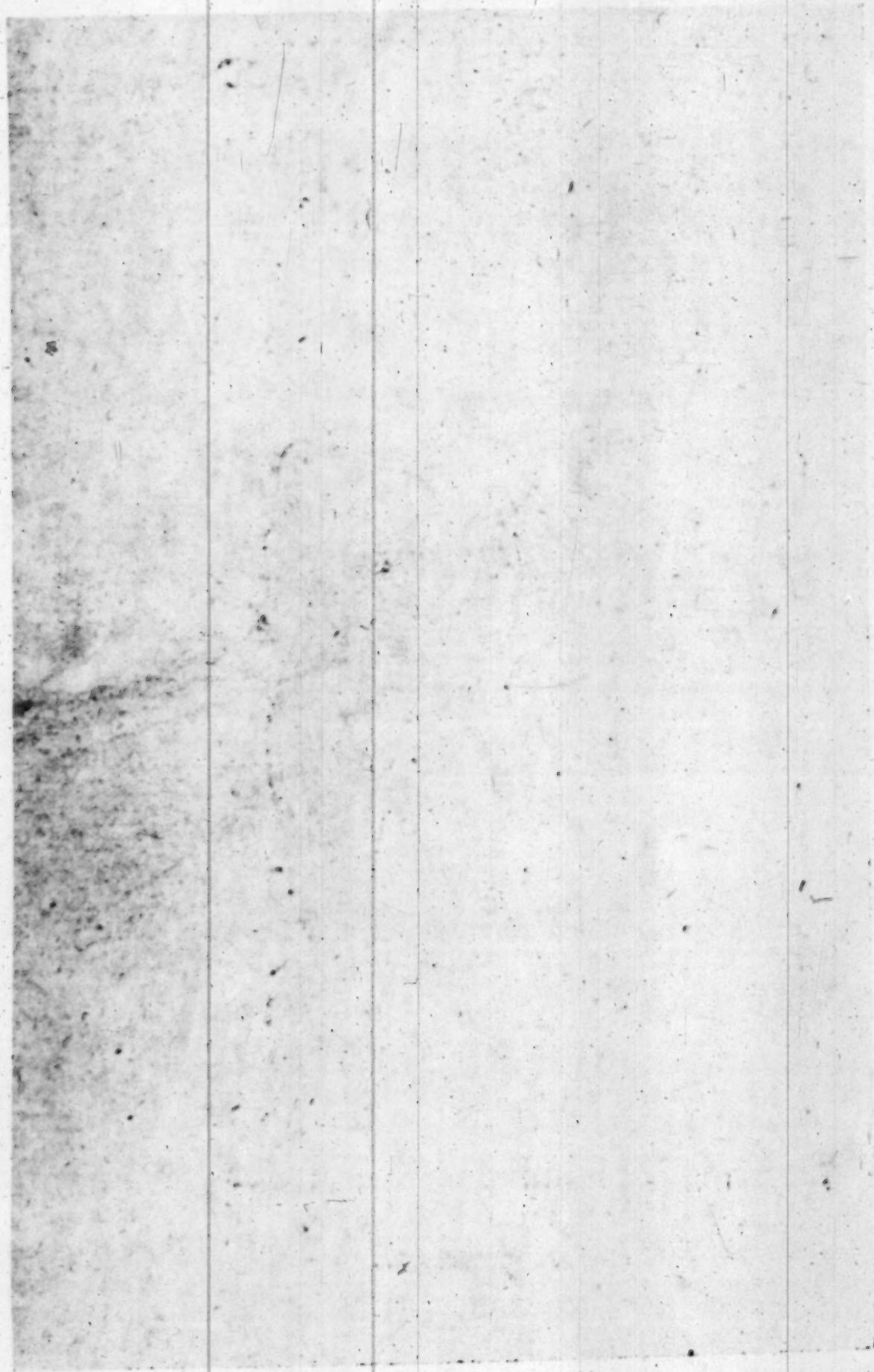


The Eglogs of the Poet
B. Mantuan Carmelitan,
Turned into English Verse, &
set forth with the Argument
to euery Egloge by
George Turbervile Gent.

ANNO. 1567.



Imprinted at London in Pater noster
Rowe, at the signe of the Marmayde,
by *Henrie Bynneman.*



To the right worshipful
and his good Vncle, Maister

HUGH BAMFIELD Esquier, GEORGE
TYRBERVILLE witheth Nestors
yeares, with all good fortune.

* * * * *

* * *



W^{ORSHIPFUL}, as de-
fire not altogether to be
idle and vvashte the gol-
den Time (the rarest of
all Iewels) procure me
to vndertake the trans-
lation of this Poet: so
Nature, with your sun-
drie curtesies bestowved
on me without hope of
recompence at any time, enforced me (for want of
better way to shewe my good meaning) to dedi-
cate to you this rude and slender Booke, translated
into our mother tongue. Hoping that as I haue not
wronged the Poet in any poynt in my translation,
or impairde his credite with the Latins, In forcing
him to speake with an English mouth contrary to
his nature and kinde: so neyther that I haue mini-
stred you occasion to mylike with me for dedica-
tion of the same to you: a man whose benefites I
may and vwill endeavour to requite, but shall neuer

THE EPISTLE,

be able to rid my score of his good turnes, or cancell the obligation of hys many and infinite curtesies. If a man be bound by all meanes that he may to gratifie hys vwell deseruing friendes : then may not I quiet my selfe and be at silence till I haue deuised the requital of some part of your friendships, by some slender gift, such as my Fortune and present chaunce vwill permit me to exhibite vnto you. And none can I fynde, eyther more agreeing vnto my state, or fitter for your vvorship, than this new translated Poet. Whose title though at the first perhaps shall seeme ouerrude and barbarous (for **E G L O G S** are altogether of the Countrey affaires) yet doubt I not but that both the matter shal be found pleasant, and the style agreeable to the Latin phrase. I do not mystrust but **M A N T V A N S** Shepherdes vwill vse the matter vvith such dyscretion, and so set their rusticke Pipes in tune, as you vwill rather commend their melodie, than myslike their audacitie : that being Countrymen dare vndertake to tel their tales before you, and reason of so many and scuerall matters as in these Eglogs they do. They vv ere not in that age such fiellie sortes as our Shepherdes are nowve a dayes, onely hauing Reason by Experience to prate of their Pastures, and folde and vnfolde their flockes : But these fellovves, vvhome the Poet and I haue here brought in, vv ere vv ell able both to moue the doubtful cause, and (if neede vv ere) to discide the proponed case. They not only knewe the Calse from the Lambe, the Woulfe from the Mastife,

THE EPISTLE.

life, but had reason to know the difference twixt
Tovne and Countrey, the oddes betwixt Vice and
Vertue, and other thinges needefull and appertay-
ning to the life of man. Wherefore (Vncle) as I shal
crave you to accepte this my slender gift, vnder-
taking the Patronage and Defence of the
same: So shall I request the Gods
to allowe you the aged
Nestors yeares,
with no myssadventure in al
your life.

Your Nephewe and daylie Orator
George Turbervile.



A.iiij. *To the*

To the Reader.



AVING TRANSLATED this Poet (gētle Reader) although basely and with barren pen, thought it not good nor friendly to wythhold it frō thee: knowing of olde thy wonted curtesie in perusing Booke, and discretion in iudging them without affection. I shal think my paynes passing well imployed if y shew thy accustomed fauoure to this Booke, which I haue nowe forced to a new and foraine Language from that it was. Though I haue altered the tong, I trust I haue not chaunged the Authoꝝ meaning or sense in any thing: but played the part of a true interpretoꝝ, obseruing that which we terme Decorum in eche respect, as far as the Poete and our mother tong wold giue me leaue. For as y conference betwixt Shepherds is familiar stufte & homely: so haue I shapt my stile and tempꝝed it with suche common and ordinarie phrase of speach as Countrymen do vse in their affaires: alway minding

THE PREFACE.

Intending the saying of *Horace*, whose sentence I haue thus englished.

To set a Manlie heade vpon a Horses necke,
And all the lims with diuers plumes of diuers
hue to decke,

Or paint a womans face aloft to open showe,
And make the Picture ende in fish, with scaly
skinne belowe

I thinke(my friendes) would cause you laugh
and smile to see

How y^e these y^e compacted things and mem-
bers would agree.

For in deede, he that shall translate a shep-
herds tale, and vse the talke and stile of
an Heroicall personage, expressing the
sheelie mans meaning with loftie thun-
dering words: in my simple iudgement
ioynes (as *Horace* sayth) a Horses necke
and a mans hed together. For as the one
were monstrous to see, so were the other
too sonde and foolish to reade. Wherefore
I haue (I say) vsed the common country
Phrase, according to the person of the
speakers in euery Egloge, as though in
deede the man him selfe shoulde tell his
tale. And the soner to let thee vnderstand
the matter contained in euery treatise,

THE PREFACE.

I haue (I hope to thy good lyking) for-
set the Argument. If there be any thing
herein that thou shalt happē to mylike,
neyther blame the learned Poet, nor cō-
troll the clownish Shephierd (good Rea-
der) but me that presume rashely to of-
fer so vnworthie matter to thy suruay.
But if thou fanſy oꝛ like wel with ought
contained herein, commend Mantuan,
ertoill the Shephierd: ſufficeth me to a-
uoyd ſcotte frē from ſlaunderous ſnare.
If I gaine thy good wil, I haue the gucti-
don of my trauaile. Thus preſuming
vpon thy pacience in peruſing this
Booke, thy vncoꝛrupte Judge-
mente in condemning &
allowing the ſame,
I ende my
Preface, crauing thee to lend
quiet eare to Fortuna-
tus and the reſt of
his compa-
nions.

George Turbervile.

The

The first Egloge of Mantuan, intituled

FAVSTVS.

The Argument:

AS Shepheards custome is
When they do meete yfeare,
To talke of this or that,
and tell the newes they heare:
So Fortunatus craves
of Faustus to begin
Of auncient lones to treat,
whilst flocke feeding byn.
When friendly Faustus sawe
his earnest friends request:
To tale of honest loue
the Shepheard him addrest.

The Speakers names.

Fortunatus. Faustus.

*F*riend Faustus, pray thee, since our flock Fortunat^s
in shade and pleasaunt vale
Doth chewe the cudde: of auncient loue
let vs begin to tale.

W. i. U. cast

The first Egloge.

Least if by hap vnhappy sleepe
our senses should begyle,
Some sauage beast in sprouted corne
our cattell catch the while :
For many such about the fields
do lurking lye in wayte.

Wherefore to watch is better far
than sleepe in my conceyte. *

Paustus

This place, this self same shady bushe
that shrowds vs from the heate,
Knows how I haue be cloyd with cares
and *Cupids* coales yfreat

These.iii. yeares space, or.ij. at least
if I remember well.

But synce we are at leasure both,
and pleasaunt is to tell :

I will begin the whole discourse
and shewe thee how it fell.

Here I, whilst in my tender youth
of cattell should had care,

Would spread my garnēt on the soyle ;
and bolte vpight would stare

Into the open Skyes alofte :

with dolefull drops of byrne

And heauy playnt recounting of
this curst fate of myne.

The first Egloge.

2

No pleasure I in quiet tooke,
no labour did delight
My pensive brest, my Sense was dull,
quight buried was my Sprite:
As is the stomacke of the sick
whom no good taste allures
Of lothsome meate, nor patients mynd
to appetite procures.
Delight of Musicke was berefte,
for Pipe I did not passe
Compacted of vnegall quilles,
my bowe but lothsome was.
The Lynge & hound were hateful both,
no pleasure I did put
In fowling then, twas ykesome eke
with knyfe to cracke the Ant.
To make the bulrushe basquet, or
to guyle the fishe with gynn,
Or searche the brakes for breeding byrds
I forced not a pyn.
Palester playes, and casting lots
with finger I ne wayd:
Nor former games that pleasant were
ere I this grief assayd.
Wilbe grapes to gather was a gall,
and Strawberries to pull.

B.ij.

3

The first Egloge.

I mournd as *Tereus* wife is wonte,
that hauyng beake as full
Of fode as it can hold, when she
retourns from hir repast
And sees hir yonglings borne away,
she waereth all agast :
And from the byll downe fals the bayte,
hir heart begyns to quayle,
And to the neighbour bushe she flies
hir cruell haps to wayle
For broud so lately borne away.
As the gallant colwe
That hauyng losse hir louing calfe
in field begins to lolve.
And hauing filld the place with noyse
and crying out a good :
Repaires to shade and eates no grasse
nor dips hir flaps in floud.
But why do I with long discourse
thy lystnyng eares offend ?
This processe makes me both my tyme
and words in waste to spend.
This is the summe of all my tale,
it grien'd my weary sprite
That miser I with these myne eyes
did see the lothsome light.

And

The first Egloge.

3

And if thou longyng for to learne
the whole effect, shouldst say :
Who (*Faustus*) to these dzedfull rockes
did thee compell I pray :
Prind (*Fortunatus*) I will shewe
the very trouth to thee.
My little gicle that *Galla* hight
had so entrapped mee
With feature of hir friendly face
and lookes of louyng eye,
As in hir crafty cobweb doth
Arachne catche the flye.
For why hir ruddy cheekes did striue
with Corall for their hue :
A pretty round and fully face,
a seemely sight to biewe.
And of hir eyes though one there were
that stode in little sterds;
Yet when I did recompte hir peares
and passyng shape in derde :
I did mislike *Dianas* face,
I sayd hir feature was
Not worth a rushe, my *Galla* did
hir blasing beautie passe. * * *
Loue (*Faustus*) blynds the senses sore, *Fortunatus*
it guiles the gazing eyes :

W.iii.

It

The first Egloge.

It reapes the freedome from the minde
of man in monstrous wyse.

It doth bewitch our weakned sprites.

I verily suppose

Some Hellishe Inpe doth force this fire
and sowly ouertholues

And out of hooke doth heane our harts :

Loue is not as they say

A heauenly God, but bitter gall,
and error from the way. *

Faustus

Besides I had no hope at all
my wished good to gayne :

Though she (good heart) did rue my
and pitied *Faustus* payne, (case,)

And by hir becks, & wanton wyncks
hir flame appeared playne.

For what soeuer way she went
(a cruell cauckred mate) :

Hir married Sister hir enfilde
and followde Gallows gate.

The hard and chutlish Mother eke
vpon the Wench did watch :

Eche thing did hinder myne intent.

Euen as the Cat to catch

The pretty, pette, & prickeard Mouse
obserues with earnest eye

The

The first Egloge.

4

The clouen cranie, and the beaſt
on bacon ſlitche doth prie * * *
The pozed paunch and ſtuffed maw *Fortunat*
commendeth faſting much :
And they that are not dry, at thoſe
that long for lycour grutch. *
It was time with crooked ſythe to ſheare *Fauſtus*
the corne that grewe in fiede,
The Barly all about the landes
a golden gleame did yelde.
The Mother (as the cuſtome is)
came with hir Daughters both,
To gather vp the ſhattered ſheaves
which reaper ouergoth.
For ſhe wiſte nothing of our Loue,
or made as though ſhe had
Not knowen a white therof : I thinke
ſhe was not halfe ſo made
But that ſhe ſound it well ynough,
and did diſſemble ſore :
For ſhe in deepe (I ſtend aſſurde)
had vnderſtoode befoze
Hir daughter had a Leueret tane
in paune of my good will :
A payre of ſtocke Doves eke ſhe had
to kepe or elſe to kill. * * *

B. iiij.

The

The first Egloge.

Fortunat The want of wealth good nurture marres
the poore is prone to fall :
He slides into the snare of sinne
and is to bices thrall. *

Faustus The virgin gathering by hir grips,
came after me a pace,
With open breast and naked foote
and skenelesse armes, in case
As fittest was for scorching heate
and sommers scalding blase,
With breathes bough about hir brows
to kepe hir beauty bright :
For cause the heate wil hurt the hue
and make it swarth to sight,
In sorte that Louers neuer will
conceiue therof delight.
And euer as she did approche
my shattred sheafe I shooke :
And as from out my fist it fell
that by my Minion tooke.
For women neyther can conceale
their griefs and waisting glæde,
Nor conquer cares, ne yet defer
the same till time of neede :
Such lightnesse rayns in the by kind
as out it shall with spæde. * * *

Who

The first Egloge.

5

Who so doth loue is light God wotte,
not womankind alone,

But very they that deemed are
to sitte in *Pallas* throne,

And wisdoms gaudy garland weare
about their tryed hed :

Pea those of poudred purple that
and Senate robes are sped.

Whom I in statelý sorte haue sene
like Royall Kings to walke,

And earst in proud presumptuous sorte
about the streates to stalke.

And thou perhaps affectiond so
wert madder of the twayne,

And lighter eke : thou shattredst coene,
she tooke it vp agayne.

Thou ganst y graine y she receiu'd,

I pray thee tell me now

Which was the wysest of the both,
the littell trull or thou :

Speake on, for talke is it that must
driue sleepe from heauy brow. *

The angry Weldam looking backe

with shruicled visage prates,

And cride why (*Galla*) whither goest ?

Why doest thou leaue thy mates :

W. v.

Come

Fortunat

Faustina

The first Egloge.

Come hither (*Galla*) here among
the Alder boughes I haue
Founde out a pleasant shady plotte
from *Phœbus* flames to saue
Our ouerchaufed limmes with heate,
the whissing ayre doth cause
The trembling leaues to make a noyse,
tis beste here right to pause.
O hatefull words to *Faustus* eares :
go gentle winds I pray
And beare (quod I) with mymble gale
this curst sounde alway.
If any Shepherd bring his flocke
into a fertile bayne,
And will not let them fæde their fill
but dꝛyue them backe agayne ,
O haꝝyng fedde, will stay the streame
and neuer let them dꝛinke,
But force them to forgoe the floud :
wouldst thou not surely thinke
That man to be a monster sell
and natures cruell foe,
And stony hearted that could vse
his fielly cattle foe ?
That voyce to me more griefull was
than *Iunos* husbands thꝛeats,

When

The first Egloge.

6

The down he flings his flashing flaks,
 and earth with Amber beats.
 I would not, but I could not choos
 but backward cast myne eye :
 And *Galla* looking vnder brow,
 gan out of hand reply.
 She bent hir friendly blincks as fast,
 and rold hir eyes aside :
 Which by and by the chiding Dame
 by spitefull fortune spide.
 And call'd vpon the wanton *Wench* :
 but *Galla* bent the more
 To worke, refusde to lend an eare
 to hir that chid so soze.
 As she with soote pursude my pace,
 so did she eke in hart :
 Then I full like a craftie childe,
 (for Loue ministers art
 And doth instructe his thzals with dole)
 would often sing a song,
 And often on the Reapers crie,
 and haruestt folks among.
 A crafty cloake to make the Dame
 and wedded Sister laue
 That *Galla* to theyr clepting cries
 no eare at all did geue.

With

The first Egloge.

With sythe I shoue adoun the byers,
for that I would be sure

The pricks to Gallas tender fete
no damage should procure. * * *

Fortunat^o Who so doth loue (no doubt) is slaue
and follovs (like a thrall
Inchaynde) his chosen Maistresse fote
till yoke his necke do gall.

Swerte blowes to beare he is compeld
vpon his beastly corse,

He bides the goade, and like an Ore
doth drawe the plough perforce. *

Faustus And thou as far as I can learne,
haste felte Cupidos darte. * * *

Fortunat^o Tushe tys a common euill, who hath
not played some frantike parte? *

Faustus This paynfull pleasure of the mind,
this sugred venom grewe
From day to day to more and more,
more cruell thas to victor.

Euen as the heate of Phæbus flames
augment their scorching blast:

And partching powre frō lesse to more,
till nine of clocke be past.

I wore agasse lyke one that was
of late berefte his wits,

Besides

The first Egloge.

7

Besides my selfe (no doubt) I was,
 and rackte with furious fits.
 Unmindfull beast I was become,
 I tooke no nightly rest:
 It was easie eke to know my grief,
 The browe bewrayes the brest.
 Which thing as sones my Father spide,
 more gentle he became
 Than earste, for that him self had felte
 the force of *Cupids* flame.
 And knew therof the burden well
 how heavy twas to beare:
 Wherefore in courteous sorte he sayde.
 Sonne *Faustus* bannishe feare,
 And tell thy father what thou aylste,
 and hidden haste in harte:
 (Unhappy boy) this face declares
 that thou haste felt the darte
 Of Loue, come off, and take no shame
 but tell me how thou fare:
 Bewraye to me thy penslue thought
 that breeds this cutting care. * * *
 Pea, though the father checke his child
 and vse a bended browe,
 His mynd is frendlier than his face,
 he loues him well ynowe.

Fortunat?

1

The first Eglogē.

Faustus

I seing that my Sire became
so courteous, out of hand
Confest the matter, and declarde
how thoe the case did stand.
I craud his helpe, he straight behight
that he would do his best :
And so (o: eare the winter frost
with glare the ground opprest)
The kinsfolk and the Father had
betrothde the Mayd to mee.
But she and I could neuer deale
alone, but some would see
And warely watch what coyle we kept :
I was a Tantal right ,
I stode amyd the water, but
I could not drinke a whit.
O Lord how often leauing plough
and Oren all alone,
When she was sole at home, haue I
vnto hir mothers gone ?
I would deuise excuses store ,
the plough tayle, o: the yoke ,
The share, y chaynes, y spittestaffe like
my subtill craft to cloake.
And all at Mother lawes I sette,
I could not want a iotte,

But

The first Egloge.

8

But yet (good **Welch**) hir company

I could not haue **God** wotte.

I was not slack to doe my due,
to fish, to foule, to hunte :

I t'oe began and practisde seates
t'at I of yore was wonte.

What soeuer was my lucke to catche,
what game so ere I kilde,

To mother lawes I bore, and was
surmisde a courteous childe.

At midnight once (as promis was
betwixte the **Welch** and mee)

I came vnto hir Mothers house,
in hope to had some glée :

The Dogges (not sleepe then) at doze
some theese surmisde to bee.

With open lawes on me they ranne,
I leapte a hedge in hast.

And so with much adoe escapde
the curst Curres at last :

With such deuises all the colde
and Winter time we past.

The Spring was come, & groues were
the vine began to spread : (græne,

The ploughman Barly gan to sow,
for Wheat had taken head.

Lampery.

The first Egloge.

Lamperydes those glistring foules
with glowing wings did flie,
Which did declare to husbandmen
that haruest tyme was nie.
Behold, the mariage daye was come,
a wedded wight I was :
What neede so many wordes : at night
to bed in post we passe.
I wisshed time to both God wotte,
my Barke with blessed blast
And merrie gale of winde vnto
the hauen came at last.
Then with a slaughterd Ore two daye
we kepte a solemne feast,
And vnderneath a spreading tre
the tables were addrest.
Oenophilus was there, on whom
full fraught with *Bacchus* wares
And making sporte, with willing eyes
the whole assemble stares.
With pipe was *Tonius* eke at hand,
who after meate to shewe
His skill, the paynted bagpipe raught,
and gan theron to blowe.
His alie cheekes with blasting breath
full wide he made to stroute,

The

The first Egloge.

9

When he began to puffle the pipe,
he stared all about,
And lifted up his bittle browes,
and from his lungs full oft,
He drew his winde to fill the bagge,
that being stuffed toft,
And brosed with his elbow downe,
did pelde his sounde aloft.

With finger frisking here and there,
as he was piping aye :

He call'd the youth from table, and
inuitd them to play,

And hoppe about the open strates,
and daunce away the day.

There are since that three winters past,
fourth Sommer comes in place :

I see if any good day there bee,
it flies away apace.

As nothing pleasant in this worlde
but passeth by in hast :

But hatefull happes and vilest things
we see doe longe it last. * * *

O Fauste, dost see : to yonder vine,
the flocke doth go with speede,
Wherefore least we be tared soze,
tis time to trudge in orde.

Fortunat^o

C.i.

The

¶ The. ij. Egloge en-
tituled FORTVNATVS.

The Argument:

THe pranks that Padus playde
in breaking downe his bounds,
And how he had dismayde
men, shepe, and pasture grounds,
His Faustus tale to quite,
here Fortunatus gan:
And after to recite
the fonde affects of man.
Of mad Amyntas loue
and passing rage to tell,
For other mens behoue
this zealous shepheard fell.

The speakers names.

Faustus. Fortunatus.

Faustus **H**ow hapt (my frēd) you com so late:
a weeke is past and gone:
What bred thy stay? annoyes thy shepe
the soyle they feede vpon? * * *

The second Egloge. 10

F *Faustus*, Pade the floud that fletes *Fortunat*
and runnes alongst our grounds
Was woren egall with the banks :
it had so pass his bounds,
That we not forcyng on our flocks,
for priuate profits sake
And common safetie were constraynde
both day and night to make
A Bay to beate the waters backe
and cause them to recoyle,
For feare lest *Padus* wold haue drownd
and ouerflowne our soyle. *

Pea *Padus* sundry times when he *Faustus*
doth swell aboue his banks,
(As *Tityrus* can witnesse well)
playes many spitefull pranks. **

Euen as thou sayst, perhaps he doth, *Fortunat*
when out of meane and tyme
He boyles by force of Sommer blase,
and boue the banke doth clyme.

But now the yeare requires the same,
for from the frosty hills
The Winter snow descendeth dowe :
The Mount with water fills
The slacked flouds, and doth discharge
him selfe : the floud as fast

The seconde Egloge.

Conuapes his burden and the waues
to gultching weas doth cast.

They play the part that men are wont :
so; when the heavy packe,
Doth pinche our limmes, we cast it on
our neeby neighbours backe. * * *

Fortunat⁹ But now the chanell hath reuokde
his spoutyng spring agayne. *

Faustus O *Fortunatus* (wonder tis
and monstrous thing to sayne)
Though *Padus* doe decrease, our lake
with greater sounge doth swell :
The Citie swinnes aloft the streame,
a straungie tale to tell.

The baulkes and sellars ditches are,
in whirries men resort

Unto the barrells, drabers haue
a iolly glée and sport,

To goe by water with their Jacks
and fetch the wyne away

By bottels full, that earst full drie
in secrete sellar lay.

On Townish men (though happy they
appeare to open sight)

Yet many times unhappy haps,
and cruell chaunces light. * * *

From

The seconde Egloge.

ii

From euery pleasure doth arylse
 displeasure in the ende :
 And aye from eucry blessed happe
 doth balefull lucke depende. *
 Thus much of *Padus* hath ben tolde,
 now let's recite our Loue :
 Since friendly *Venus* therbnto
 in eche respect doth moue.
 The weather is full warme we see,
 the soyle is greene to biewe :
 The foules about the field do syng,
 now euery thing doth mewe,
 And shiftes his rustie winter robe. * * *
 Thou haste in shepheards verse
 Declarde thy loue, but I will gyn
 anothers to reberse,
 (A shepherd whō thou knowst full wel)
 to make it playne in sight
 What force there rests in *Venus* flame,
 and shewe hir stately night.
Amintas poore (God wotte) and borne
 unluckie vnder signe :
 His calues of egall age possesse,
 and had as many kine.
 Whome as he draue to pasture with
 a Bull that father was

Fortunat

Faustus

Fortunat

C.ii.

To

The seconde Egloge.

To all the hieerd : It was his chaunce
by *Coytus* to passe.

A place where *Myncius* with his cleare
and filner chanell flowes

And swiftly all the grassy soyle
and meadowes ouergoes.

A Castell new with battled walls
there faceth on the floode :

High rayed vp that *Coyte* hight,
and on the marishe stode.

Here resting him by *Riners* side

where grew a goodly vine,

That wth his boughs did shade y^e bakke
and waters passing fine,

He stayde to catch the gliding Fish
with baited hooke and line.

It was Haruest time, y^e scorching beames
of scalding *Phæbus* rayes

Had singde the soyle, the Nightingale
had layde aside hir layes.

The ground was withred in such wyse
as neither flocke coulde feede

Theron by day, nor deaw was left
fo^r Grasshoppers at néede,

By night to moist their crikyng chaps.

Here whilst he spent the tyme

About

The seconde Egloge. 12

About the Riuer, and this sonde
and bayne deuise applyde.
The Bull first bered with the Waspe,
and next with cures they say,
And last by filching Souldiers meane
was quite conuayde away,
Not to be found in field. Which when
the Boy had vnderstode,
He gat hym to a Mountayne by
and cried out a good
For Bull vnhaply lost of late,
and all the countrey sought
With greedy gazing eye. But when
he sawe it bootéd nought
And that his payne could not pꝛeuail:
his bended Bowe he toke,
And painted Quiuer full of shafts
and for his beast gan looke
Thꝛough woods wher was no haunted
thꝛough euery flock & fold, (path,
Thꝛough pastures eke to see where he
his Bullocke might behold.
About *Benacus* bankes he went,
and Mountes with *Oline* tree
Beset, and places where both *Figge*
and *Oline* was greene to see.

The seconde Egloge.

At length a haughtie hill he hent,
where did a Chappell stande
Of Sulphur, and from thence he cast
his eyes about the lande,
And ouerwide *Benacus* bounds,
and all the countrey rounde,
To see where in that coast there were
his Bullock to be founde.
It was Saint Peters day by course
and custome of the yere,
The youth of euery village by,
at after none was there :
And vnderneath a greynysh Elme
that shadowed all the soyle,
At sounde of pleasant countrey pipe
they dauncde, and kept a toyle. *
The country Cloines can not be founde
by any kinde of arte,
Unquiet they delight in sweate :
when Priest hath done his parte,
And mornyng Prayers ended are,
the Holy day (when all
Should ceasse from toyle) impaciet they
of rest and hunger, fall
To fillyng of their greedy malues
and tossyng of the cup :

Faustus

And

The seconde Egloge.

13

And hye to daunce, as soone as myght
streil gyns to pype it by :

They treade it tricksie vnder treē,
one skippes as he were mad,

An other iumpes as twere an Ore
vnto the Aultar lad.

The sacred soyle (that synne it were
to turne with topling share,

And cut with crooked culter) they
can not endure to spare :

But friske theron like frātike fowles
vnwieldy wights (God wot)

With leaden legs and heauy heeles
about the Churchyarde trot.

And all the day do crie and laugh,
and lay their lips to pot. * * *

Thou dolt, why dost thou chat of this? *Fortuna.*
thy selfe a rustike bozne :

The maners of the countrey Cloines,
and rustike route doest scorne.

Thou dost thy self cōdemne withall,
thou art thy proper foe. *

Tushe of *Amyntas* let vs chat,
let all these matters go.

I spake it but in spozte (my friende)
I trust you take it so.

C.v.

Ve

Faustus

The seconde Egloge.

He stayde, and leaning gaynst his staffe
ymade of Aeer tree,
Did stint from trauaile till the heate
might somewhat swaged bee.
O most vnhappy haplesse youth,
in shade a greater flash
Will seaze thy corps: but by thine eyes
least whilst *Diana* wash
Hir louely limmes in siluer streame
thou naked hir espie:
O: lende a listning eare vnto
the Syrens when they crie.
Thy lucke with *Narcisse* heauy loze,
may well compared bee:
For whilst in Well he sought to slake
his thirst, the more was hee
(Unlucky lad) with drought attachde:
so whilst thou doest deuise
This outward heate to flee, an in-
warde flame doth thee surprise.
How much had better bene (I pray)
and happier for thee,
(Unlesse the fatall Gods would had
thy destinie so to bee)
To thy remainder flocke in fielde
to haue returned backe,

And

The seconde Egloge.

14

And kepte thy kye, and let alone
the Bull that was a lacke :
And taken in good part the losse
of that one beast alone,
Than thus, in seeking nought to finde
thy selfe to haue forgone. *

Oh Friende, who is not wise become
when things are at the worst :

Faustus

'Tis naught to giue aduise in fine
that should bene had at first. * *

The counsell that comes after all
thyngs are dispatcht at last,

Fortunat

Is like a sholure of rayne that falls
when sowing time is past.

Among the rest of all the route
a passing proper Lasse,

A white haired trull of twenty yeares
or nere aboute there was :

In stature passyng all the rest,
a gallant Girle for hewe :

To be cōpard with Townish Nymphs
so faire she was to belee.

Hir forehead cloth with gold was purle
a little here and there :

With copper claspe about hir necke
a kerchiefe did she weare.

That

The seconde Egloge.

That reached to hir breast and paps :
the Wench about hir wast,
A gallant gaudy ribande had
that girte hir body fast.
In Peticote of countrey stufte
Mockadoe like, she goes :
It was plaited braue, & length was such
it hong nie to hir toes.
As soone as hir the youth had spide,
he perisht by and by :
By sight he sucked in the flame,
and meane of wanton eye :
He swallowde by the blinding fyre,
and in his belly plast
The coles that neither waues could
no: rainie imber wast, (quēch
No not inchatinets, witches words,
it clong so close and fast.
Forgetful he of former flocke,
and damage done with waues,
Was all intraged with this flash,
at night he nought but raues.
The season that for quiet sleepe
by nature pointed was,
In bitter plaintes and cruell cries,
this burning Boy did passe.

3 sun.

The seconde Egloge.

15

I sundry times for pitiees sake
his growing flame to stay,
And stop the frantike furie, would
to hym full often say :
O lamentable lad, what God
hath forde thee thus to fare ?
But sure it was no worke of Gods
that bred this bitter care.
Nay rather twas the cruelst impe,
and spitefulst fiende of hell,
Of those with *Lucifer* that from
the skies to dungeon fell,
That nine dayes space were tumbling
I pray thee make me shew (downe :
And call to mynde where euer yet
thou any man dydst know
By foolish loue aduannce to wealth,
or any office borne :
Or raise by meanes therof his house,
or stufft his barnes with corne ?
Dydst euer any knowe that hath
therby enlargde his bounds :
Increaste his flocke, or for his hierd,
ygotten fruitful grounds ?
Among so many countreys tell
me, if thou heardst of one,

At any

The seconde Egloge.

At any tyme through all the earth
I thinke was neuer none.
There are that to their bloudy bowdes
our crushed bodies beare,
And butcherlike (with greedy teeth)
our rented corpes teare.
There are, I say, whom spitefull fiends
vnto suche practise dꝛyue:
Yet is there no such kynde of men
so cruell here alpyue:
No countrey is so barbarous,
is none so sauage secte,
As doth not hate the womans loue
and fancies sonde reiecte.
Thence brawles ar bred, thence chidings
thence broiling warre & strife (come,
Pea often eke with sheading blood
the cruell losse of life.
By meanes therof are Cities sackt,
and Bulwarks beate to ground:
Moreouer Lawes and sacred Bookes
in yron chaines ybounde,
Forbid and giue vs charge to flie
in any case this Loue:
With words expresse Cupide they
and all his toys disproue.

Amy n.

The seconde Egloge. 16

Amyntas had no sooner heard
the name of *Laues* rehearst,
But answered (for in Citie he
a Boy was fostred earst)
Thou goest about to farre surmount
by giuing this aduise
The *Catos* both, and to be thought
both circumspect and wise.
This error and this madnesse beares
eche where a cruell sway:
Man flatteth with him self, and would
be counted crafty, ay
A creature able to foresee:
yet many a snare and gin
And ditch that he him selfe hath delude
the Miser falleth in.
He first was free, but to his necke
him selfe did frame the yoke:
In seruile chaine him selfe he bounde,
and bands of freedom broke.
So weightie are those *Laues* (my selfe
haue seene the *Bookes* ere this)
As neither predecessours, nor
our selues can keepe ytwis:
Nor aftercommers shall obserue
the meanyng of the same.

Behold

The seconde Egloge.

Behold the foolish wit of man,
that thinkes such feate to frame,
As to the heauens to aspire :
and hopes at length to get
Among the glistyrng starres aloft
a stately rōme and seate.
Perhaps when life is lost, he shall
into a foule conuarte :
And then his feathred soule with wyngs
to welkin shall departe.
And then (quod I) what bratle is this?
since God dyd so deuise
The lawes, twere folwe offence for mā
his statutes to despise. *

Faustus

These are debates of great affaires
and weighty things in dede. * *

Fortunat'

Wottst thou what kind of mā I was?
though ragged be my weede,
And I a rustike now to see :
then both in force and mynde
And lookes, I was a roysting lad.
Thou shouldest not lightly synde
A shepeheard to be matchte with me. *

Faustus

And yet if bolte vpight
Thou stalke with countenance cast aloft
thou wilt appeare in sight,

A se

The second Egloge. 17

A second *Marinus* to be :

let *Barbar* shaine thy face

With razer, and in countenance thou
wilt matche with *Carbos* grace.*.*

Amyntas would like answer make

Fortunat?

when I his follie blamde :

But to procede : when God had man
in perfect figure framde ,

He did repine therat and thought
the pleasures he allowde

To passing were : and did restrayne
our lust with law, and bowde

Our Rebell minds with new decrees :
as *Horsemen* vse to tie

Their iades with brakes about y iawes
for feare they goe awrie .

Herein Loue makes me shew my minde,
and fanfie freely tell :

Who so debarres his wife to goe
in common doth not well,

But enuious may accmpted be.

But yet this spitefull hate

The cloake of honest custome doth
in some respect abate.

For whilst ech man vnto him self
(not forcing common good)

D. J. Reseruo

The second Egloge.

Reser'd his priuate ioyes, and to
his marriage bargain stood.
A common custome is incrochte
that Honestie is hight,
God sayth to make such pieuish labours
twas mad and foolish spight.
A hatefull thing is Loue (God wotte)
and pleasure spitefull eke.
Then I no longer daring to
the South athwarte to speake,
Shooke of the raging wanton Boy
that seemde berefte of sense :
And on my former voyage I
eetsone departed thence. *

Faustus

Hell how this vile Affection fonde
our inwarde eyes of mynd
Shutts vp in such despiteous sorte,
and makes vs men so blinde,
As headlong we to errors runne
and to deceitfull snare :
Till tyme we bee in wilfull trappe
and nipt with cutting care : * * *

Fortunat^o Oh, dost thou see (frend *Faustus*) how
the pitchy cloudes vpon
Mount *Baldus* to a cluster goe,
and ioyne them selues in one : }

The third Egloge. 18

It hayles, so: feare our cattell bee
dispersed, let's bee gone.)

¶ The. iij. Egloge en-
titled FAVSTVS.

The Argument.

*The Tylmans wearye toyle
and troublous life he splayes :
And laste Amyntas cruell foyle
by franticke Loue bewrayes.*

The speakers names.

Faustus. Fortunatus.

The hayle (my friend) from *Baldus Faustus*
that yesterdaye did fall (mount
(We thank the Gods, y^e saue our coyn)
anoyde vs nought at all.
But *Harculus* reported hath
and bruted here a fame :
That in the coast was much a doe
from whence he lately came.
Verona fields were pestred sore,
the cattell with the folde :

D.ij.

The

The third Egloge.

The Sheperots & the Barnes the haile
(as he half weeping tolde)
Hath ouerwhelmde & layd on ground,
and in such sorte defast :
As all good hope that husbands had
is quite berefte and past.
For Cattle is the onely wealth
that Country men enioy,
And Pasture ground that subiect is
to this and like anoy.
The Citizens haue heaped hords
and coffers full of pence :
That safely vnder locke do lurke
and neede no other fence.
No hayle can hurt, no force of frost
theyr coffred coyne can marre :
No crusting yse, no stormy cloudes
that in the Welkin warre.
I wote not who doth rule the winds,
and beares the swinging swaye
Among the fell tempestuous Skyes :
I wote not what to saye.
I know not, no no; though I did,
that knowledge would suffice :
I dare to speak. But what : shall I
for such an enterpryse

We here aliue toymented thus :
if Gods (as men reporte)
The Skies do gouerne from aboue
and rule in such a sorte :
I thinke they force not on the paynes
and troublous toyles of man.
See how with dayly sweate of brow
we get as wel's we can
A slender living (God he knowes)
behold what cruell paynes
The sickly Shepherd for his flocke,
his babes and spouse sustaynes.
With too much heate in Sommer cloyde,
in Winter nipte with colde :
The Raynie dayes vpon the ground
we sleepe in Sheperots olde.
And eyther thousand mischiefs of
the soyle our cattell spill :
Do Cooth, and dayly vile disease
and thousand daungers kill.
The filching Thiefe doth watch yf fole,
the Woulfe doth lye in wayte :
The Souldier eke that far excels
the Woulfe for such decepte.
Yea though with dayly trade and toyle
our hands well hardened be,
Day. And

The third Egloge.

And full of knobby hils our fittes,
though visage swart to see,
Though staring bee the beard to view
and shyn'ed eke the skyn:
One showre of hayl with sodayn tobiſt
makes all not worth a pyn.
And this by Gods themſelues is done,
to whom we Shepheards wee
Do crouche at ſacred Altar ſtone
with twyſold bended knee,
and offer holly candles vp.
I wote not what this Pietie
and Clemency doth meane,
That ſelly vs poore Sepheards ſpoyles
of all our ſubſtance cleane,
And wraps vs in a thouſand ylls
that thincke no hurt at all. *

Faustus

Oh (*Fortunatus*) our offence
procures theſe plagues to fall.
And light vpon our hatefull heads
that well deſerue the ſame:
The iudgement of our God is juſt,
he not deſerueth blame. * *

Fortuna.

What heynous fact of ours I pray?
did wee his death conſpire? *

Fr

The third Egloge. 20

For braboles, theste, anger, baudy life, *Faustus*
and lies we haue this hye. * *

What haue the good deserved then? *Fortunat*
all are not ill alyke :

Pet all at once with egall scourge
the hatefull Hag doth stryke. *

Oh vyle offence, so euill to thincke *Faustus*
of God is heynous cryme :

Wherfore omitting needlesse things
not to be knowen, in tyme,

Amyntas troubles let's repeate
and cares endure of olde,

Which wee of force by triall know,
let them I say be tolde

Afreche. For Lone a practise is
full common now a dayes :

A dayly trade which ouermuch
the tender youth assaies. * *

Friend, (mourning, & such like affects) *Fortunat*
do ouerthrow the hart,

And plagues the mynd : hee tels a wo-
full tale that tasteth smarte. *

Well may a man debate of things *Faustus*
as state and tyme require,

But not of such as hee ne knewe :

So *Cosmas* did aspire

D.iii.

To

The third Egloge.

Fortuna. To be accompted wise and graue. *
Thou doest (friend *Faustus*) well
And wisely : wherfore let's begin
well known Loues to tell.
Remaynes of good *Amyntas* rage
and latter fate to rue ,
And that vnhappy chaunce of his
with bitter teares pursue.

Narratio I sawe, as I by fortune past
eftsone that way agayne,
The man inradge : and taking ruth
of stelly Louers payne,
Bespake him as I earst had done.
O wilfull wight (quod I)
That with this fatall venom vyle
besotted so doest lie,
Of whom the people haue their talke
and babble euery day,
Hast thou not yet putte fantasies sonde
and solish thought away ?
But buried deepe in Loue dost lie :
what : wilt thou spoyle both thee
And thyne, thy Cattell and thy Cote
as earst did Sampson hee
That Gyant huge that halde the house
and rose vpon his hed :

When

When crooked lymping age shall come
and braue *Iuuenta* fled,
(If Fates allow thee olde to bee)
who will relieue thee than
Poore, idle, drousse, senselesse wight,
and feeble forcelesse man,
All these (vnlesse vntunely death
preuente) with Age will growe.
Go to, hast home, be ware and wise,
and whither thou dost goe
Take heede, & shunne the place where
may fortune to arise: (hurt
Be ware (I say) thy future state
foresce with carefull eyes.
Discerne the path thou myndst to pace,
and fixe thou fast in minde
That man in womans pleasures and
delights is not assinde
To wast away his youthfull Prime.
For why the foolish toy
And wicked lust of wanton Loue
doth tender age annoy.
Euen I that Cattell haue good stoe
and milke and cheese ynow,
Lye hardly, and do weare away
the world with sweate of brow

D.v.

And

The third Egloge.

And much adoe God wote. For why
our fields did fayle of late,
Such neede doth raygne in euery place
we are at beggars state.
So many heauy happes we haue,
such mischiefs dayly light,
Such crabbed lucke as all the world
is now in piteous plight.
Giue care to things not heard alone
or spred by bruted fame,
As many yeares agoe betyde,
my self haue scene the same :
And at this day do dayly biewe,
the prouise doth now appeare.
As custome is, in Month of May
I earst my Sheepe did sheare,
And threescore pounds of passing wolle
betyme to sale did sette :
But now a dayes I thought alike
like gaynes therby to gette,
And scarce could kepe my flock aline
and Winter fodder bie,
In frost and snow the cruell wante
of pasture to supplie.
Oh Lord (*Amyntas*) how my folke
shall lye I know not I.

¶ Tho

The third Egloge.

22

Who so doth loue, vnto his Lasse
 must many presents sende :
 But thou whom scarce a house to dwel
 would crnell Fortune lende :
 Where day & night is want of wealth
 and lacke of golden fee :
 How canst thou shift to send thy Trull
 ought that may gratefull bee ?
 Care this suffisoe vnto a Mayde
 ten appels gay to bring,
 A Garland freshe of fragrant flowers,
 a Peast of byrdes to syng.
 I knew when in as great a price
 the countrie maydes did holde
 A Garland as a better gyfte :
 but now from grasse to golde
 They are ascended, Lone is now
 become a stately thing :
 The auncient custome is decayde
 new lawes do dayly spring
 As touching trade of greedy Loue,
 they gape for greater gayne.
 With angry brow and lowring looke
 replete with foule disdainie
 To me perswading thus bespake
 Amyntas. Friend (quod he)

Friend

The third Egloge.

Friend *Fortunatus*, if thou long
to purchase ease to mee

And wisshed comfort to reduce,
allow me that I Loue :

That onely thing my crankred grieke
and gripings may remoue.

The rest thou babblest toiments are,
this furie wil not kinte

No: rooted be from out my heart.

Within my breast the printe
And Image of the Virgins sits.

With me shee soiournes aye :
With me shee goes & makes retourne,
when I retourne by daye.

At night with me shee lodgeth eke
and sleepest in self same bed.

She hath so seazde vpon my bones,
my marrow, heart, and hed,

As neuer may she well departe
till lyfe these lymmes hath fled.

And as, what tyme a tender slippe
cutte from a foyraine tree

Is grafted into another stocke
their natures ioynded bee,

And so by growth become as one :
euen so the Virgins grace

And

The third Egloge.

23

And Image of hir comely looke
 and Idol of hir face
 Was planted deepe within my brest,
 our harts became as one,
 Both one our mynds, the difference
 twixt hir and me was none.
 One sense, one soule did serue vs both
 our lymmes so lincked were.
 Oh happy I, if when my corse
 shall deade be plac'd on Bere,
 And fatall Sisters shrid my twixt
 and finger close myne eye,
 I might twixt those hir lilly armes
 and pappes in bosome lye:
 With heauy hed when soule were past
 and liney line ycutte,
 That she these dying eyes of mine
 mought with hir finger shutte.
 And might with shrill and doleful voyce
 beweepe my heauy fate:
 And poure hir chrystall teares adowne
 for losse of louing mate.
 Wher to the blessed Fields that are
 allotted to the good
 I after life do passe: or forde
 downe to the Stygian flood

And

The third Egloge.

And fiery Ureame of Phlegeton
those freatting fitts abyde :

Whe neyther payne withouten thar
no: pleasure shall betyde.

O Dryads, and yea sacred Nymphs
of flourcs that haue the care,

O Sire *Sylvanus* that doest rule
where pleasant arbours are :

I pray you garde amyd your mounts,
and shady bales belowe

The swete and smellyng floures that
within your circuits growe,

(The beautie of the Country fields
and queachy Groues we haue)

Do hedge your boiids fro feeding flocks
the floury soyle to saue.

Reserue (I pray you) them tyll neede
to decke the Herse withall

Of my swete wench whē she by stroke
of dreadfull death shall fall.

Then, then let all y ground be strowde,
let garlands then be plide :

At tyme of death and buriall of
my Loue hir Herse to hide.

Pierides the pensive Nymphes
at hand shall then be prest,

The third Egloge. 24

With weeping eyes lamenting of
 the Graue so gayly dresse.
 And shall insculpe these wofull words
 vpon the Marble stone,
 Of after comers to be read
 when we are past and gone.
 Here buried lyes a Lasie
 that wanted nought at all
 Saue that she cruell was,
 a sacred Saynt to call. }
 Oh Virgin if so great a fire
 did burn within thy bones
 By thousand Scyllas and as ma-
 ny Charybds I at ones
 Would swyn to thee to breed thy ease:
 thou feller than a snake
 Dost flec thy friend. But what neede I
 so much adoe to make?
 And blame & twight: she knows me not.
 No doubt if so the mayde
 Had vnderstanding what I were,
 she would procure myne ayde.
 There can not be a brasen breast
 inhere doth such feature flow:
 But yet we muste not ouermuch
 beleue the flattering brow.

The third Egloge.

Faustus

For often vnder smoothest skir
doth lurke a cankred minde :

And vnder friendly forehead is
a hatefull heart to finde.

I will goe talke and let hir witte
of this my hidden fire.

But oh, if she should wrie hir lookes,
and barre me my desire :

To tears my Chrystal eyes would soon
conuert as you should see,

My wofull breast to sobbing sighes
transformed straight would bee.

And though she hate me (cruell) eye
and flee hir friend apace :

Yet me this wasting care will still
pursue in euery place.

Fare well ye Phisicke artes, for I
am not to be recorde :

Adieu ye eke to fetch from Hell
the soules that are in bnde

With Magicke verse & Witches call,
(vngodly thing to leue)

Farewell ye all that baynely hope
with bootlesse wordye geue,

The steele mindes of Gods to wrest :
for now I see the Skyes

Are

The thirde Egloge. 25

Are cruell foes of mine and will
not bende for all my cries.
Impacient furie drawes me on,
it doth me good alone
To range the hills, and wader through
the woods and caues unknowne
The doutful dens of dreadfull Beasts.
Him speaking thus I thought
And went about with friendly words
to wrest, but all for nought.
The curelesse woud by no means
to perfect state be brought (cā
He myd the silent Night amidst
the fields would rangle aye :
In bushy Launds with waking eyes
he walkt at creeke of day.
The Wilding was his onely foode,
the Crab he vsde to crash :
And with a draught of water he
his thirstie iawes did wash
And was therewith right well content.
At length Unhappie Lad
When he his many wofull cries
and schritches yelled had,
When tearelesse wore his wasted eyes
and drie for want of wette,

C. j.

When

The thirde Egloge.

When he with oft reboundyng sobbes
his bulke had all to bette :

Came gentle Death, and quiet brought
to his vnquiet stay.

The Carcas dead and breathlesse Corps
that there vnterred lay

Withouten honor of the graue

the Sauage beasts by night,

And greedy tyring filthy Foules
by day deuoured quight. *

Faustus

Oh murreyn vile and fatall ginne,
that with thy venomde darts

The bulks of men doest pierce, & por-
sined shafts our mortall harts,

And makst vs brutish seeme to fight,
no bet than sauage are.

What cuppe of *Circes*, or *Calips*

so might with this compare?

What drench might *Stix*, or *Phlegeton*,
or *Furies* worse deuise?

O doltes that Loue account a God,

O blynde and bleared eyes.

Is God a Nature hurtfull? No.

Where euer he doth wonne,
He ruthfull is to man, and doth
no yll, of dexter downe. * * *

Oh

The thirde Egloge. 26

Oh wofull wretched Boy that in
thy tender yeares didst die:
What time y thou wert born what star
bare sway in swinging Skie? (res
What part of welkin wrought thy wo?
that didst deserue no yll?
What cursed corner of the Heauens
did thee vntimely kill?
Yet was not all the Heauen thy foe,
thou couldst as well as wee
With Dauen quill and pleasant pipe
make iolly game and glee.
Had not this ouer hasty death
thy life so soone oppress,
Thou hadst deseru'de *Pernassus* crowne
and Laurell with the best.
No better *Tytirus* (belou'de
of his *Alexis*) rong
Of cruell fight, of dreadfull warre,
and of his tillage song
Than thou: for why thy timely ripe
capacitie was knowne
To vs, it did presage what fruite
in time thou wouldst haue sowne.
No bulgar triall of thy skill,
and towarde witte was scene:

Fortunat²

E. y.

It

The thirde Egloge.

It well declarede if thou hadst liude
what thou wouldst after bene.
Now moughtst thou ben accōpted thou
the glory and the praise
Of all our soyle, not such a one
did liue in these our dayes.
Thee *Padus*, and with weeping browes
our *Myncius* did lament,
Yea Nymphs theselues: as *Hebrus* earst
for *Orpheus* was bedrent
With trickling showrs of falling tears.
The maister shepheards all
Did rue thy death as *Daphnis* earst
was pitied for his fall.
Thee all the Champion fields aboute,
both hill and vale doe crie:
And all the Pasture grounds did lift
their clamours to the skie.
O Shepheardes with swēte smellyng
bestrow his bitter graue: (floures
The song of Priest and fuming Cense,
(Oh, yearely) let him haue.
Ye Poets eke eternall rest
with to his graued Ghost. *

Faustus

But what? (*Amyntas*) thou doest lodge
in farre a better coast

Than

The thirde Egloge. 27

Than wee, in Fields for happy soules
allotted thou doest wonne :
And we below in Earth bewaile
thy Eclipse of life begonne. * * *
I knew we should lament to day,
for yesternight I sawe
Such cruell sights amid my sleepe,
as bred my present aloe.
But now you see the night is come,
descending of the Sunne
In Cloude declares & shewes at had,
wherfore tis time to runne
To fold our flock. And *Faustus* thus
my wofull Tale is done.

Fortunat?

¶ The. iiij. Egloge en-
tituled ALPHVS.

The Argument.

*H*ere *Ianus* shews the Goate was lost,
he telles the curssed Fate
And doth bewray the Bedlam Boyes
unhappy frantike state.

E.iiij.

And

The fourth Egloge.

And by the way good Alphus he
to quite his fellowes payne :
The kinde of woman doth depaint
and makes their maners playne.
Let neuer honest Lacrece lowre,
let no good Grisell grutch :
For neither Alphus here, nor I
the modest matrone touch.
We nippe the cruell cankered crue
with beantie that allure,
And hauing thralde the miser, seeke
no salue his sore to cure :
But take delight With scornefull chere
and face of foule disdaine
Like Vipers vile to sowe the seedes
of our fast springing payne.
Those, those ar thei that Matrũ means
those Alphus doth declare :
And I (the Poet to explaine)
those Dames no Whit will spare.

The speakers names.

Alphus. Ianus.

Alphus. More leane (Oh Ianus) sames thy
than ere he was of yore : (Coate
For

The fourth Egloge. 28

For lusty he his hōnes cre this
into the Welkin boꝛe.

But grouelyng now on ground he lies
with lyther lolling eares,
He smelles to grasse, to touch the herbs
at length of lips he feares. *

He droupes, and of his drouping doth *Ianus.*
a pleasant iest arise :

Which lōke how ofe I mind, doth make
me laugh with smyling eyes.

As yet it is not spread abroad,
but when the brute is blowne,
And that through euery countrey is
this pleasant story knowne :

Then all y world wil laugh therat * * *

(*Ianus*) thou ere this

Werte wont to tell a mery iest
in merriest wise ywis,

And with a swēte delighting voyce :

Wherefore I pray thee now

Declare me why the Goat doth droupe,
and tell how fell it how? *

God is my iudge twas neuer saynde *Ianus.*
of me, but done in dede,

And lately too : But shall I tell
the tale without crinneede ?

E. iij.

And

The fourth Egloge.

And chatte for nought & wast' my wind:
Say, what wilt giue to mee?

What shall I haue for telling of
this iest beglarde with glee? * *

Alphus. O friende, when so the Nightingale
(that *Philomela* hight)

Hath built hir nest, and sits a broode
I will thy trauaile quight. *

Ianus. Who so doth make such rash behests
by dayly prouise we see

Performes not pasted promise, but
his touch is wont to flee. * *

Alphus. Say, who so lends such light beliefe
distrust doth beare in breast.

But for you shall be sure that I
will play the guilefull guest,
Take here a pledge of promise made
and bargaine carst by mee:

Take here (I say) from out my case
two flights that farre will flee. *

Ianus. I will begun: O sacred Nymphs
Parnasides I pray

Do moue your iawes, & guide my tong
that I may well display

My welbeloued Goates mishap
and misadventure fell:

And

The fourth Egloge.

29

And graſt that *Alphus* Pightingale
may hatche hir yonglings well
That I may haue that he behight
for this good tale I tell.

With pennie I a Lad did hire
my little flocke to keepe :

I gaue him charge and ouersight
of all my ſheepe ſheepe.

He kepte both Kids and females eke,
and Ramme goates too with care :

And ouerlook'd my flocke that I
the Stripling could not spare.

Till time at laſt by Fortune he
a pretty Mayden ſaw,

(That hither came of purpoſe bent
at water place to drinke

Such water as ſuffiſde hir tourne)
and liked hir ſo well

As he (good Boy) by feature of
hir face to fanſie fell.

And from that tyme and dolefull day
ſo dumpiſh he became,

As leſſe regarde he had of ſheepe,
(the greater was his ſhame)

Leſſe forced he ſince that the foldes
and quight bereft of witte

C.v.

He

Narratio

The fourth Egloge.

He seemde : So deepe within his brest
the Virgins shape did sitte.
When hee on bed to quiet nap
his weary limmes did lay :
Where sleeping he or waking were
twas very harde to say.
For when he was wide waking he
such frantike coyle would keepe,
As though (his reason quite bereft)
his wittes were gone to sleepe.
So dreaming was this Boy to sight,
so lumpshe wore the Lad :
In sort, that gazers on surmised
that he no senses had.
This Boy bent to refresh (I say)
his ouertired mynde
With sportyng play, about the hounes
with twig this Goate did bynde
Among the thickest of the briers
and busby Laundes belowe :
And so to passe away the time
away the Boy dyd goe.
(And now .iiij. days are past and gone)
thus hee the Goate did tie :
The strongnesse of the Wyth & hard-
nesse of the Hornes to trie.

Heane

The fourth Egloge. 30

Meanewhile the woods he went about
and raungde the bushes rounde,
To see where that within the place
mought any birds be founde.
The Mayde referred to his thought
and vndercrept his heart :
The comely countnance of the Trull
coude neuer thence depart,
Nor beautie of hir boursly breast
his musyng mynde forgoe,
The parts not to be namde he rolde
within his bulke belowe.
Meanewhile the Sunne had lodgde his
that sielly sotted Dome (light,
Unmyndfull of his hamperde breast
asheide, came late to home.
Amid the night he calide to minde
that foolish fact of his :
And thinking to go lose the Goate
in all the hast he rise.
And whilst with fearefull foote he pac'de
through Dampes as darke as Hell,
Where lay much chaffe & rotten straw,
into a Dyke he fell :
A place of purpose made to take
the sauage Beasts by night,

A hol

The fourth Egloge.

A hollow vault and dungeon deepe
to sleepe for any wight
Once being in to clamber vp.
Thus was the Goate by him
Fast bound with twigs, the Page in pit
yeaught and dungeon dim.
No Shepheard kept the beasts as then,
twas well nere thre a clocke ;
I milde, and went my selfe about
and numbred all the flocke.
I mist the Goate, and marvelde much
what of the beast became,
I sought about the fields : at last
I calde the Boy by name.
(I tell but truth) I stode in feare
least he by Magike meane
And Sorcerie had ben raise to Skies,
and Goate dispatched cleane.
For Wags and Witches by report
are caught amids the night
Much like, and far to Banquets borne
quite out of cry and sight.
This dreading, I to Pasture ground
did bring my sheepe at last
To feede their fills, and whilst that I
did wander all agast

The fourth Egloge: 31

In irkesome shades and boggie nookes,
 and entred in the Grove:
 I hearde a farre the braying of
 my Goate, and how he stroue
 With punching hornes & pushyng pate
 against the Wyth a good
 I plainly sawe, and how he bette
 the Bushe gainst which he stode.
 This gastfull thing affrighted me,
 and monstrous sight to biewe
 Unlooked for. But when at length
 my sielly Beast I knew
 And bolder wore, I went me in
 among the brakes in hast:
 With hooke I hewde the bzebles downe
 and bushy bziers at last.
 As late in euening home I hide,
 all rounde about the fielde
 A girnyng route of grimming folkes
 by fortune I behelde.
 Approching naxer to the preasse
 mee eche began to græte
 As soone's they knew what man I was,
 and friendly did entreate.
 Lo here (quod they) *O Ianus* is
 a little Lad of thine

Tane

The fourth Egloge.

Tane by a Woulfe his denne of late
a deepe and dangerous Wyne.
He wandring late about the Dounes
did happen (to his payne)
Upon this caue, but now both Goate
and he be founde agayne.
The Goate that had this cruell hap
as yet vnlusty is :
But yet the foolish Boy of both
most frantike is ywis.
The Virgin hearyng that the Lad
did loue hir passyng well :
Eftsoone as proude as Pecoche wore
and with disdain did swell.
And makyng wise she had not wiste
the cares he did indure,
Pretended honest lyfe the more
the strypling to allure.
And to increase hir beaultie more
she deckes both face and brest
In finest wise, and in hir gate
hir lookes to ground she keast.
Thus Forelike she with simple shewe
and seemyng to the eyes,
In double brest and subtile heart
hir craftie meaning plyes.

These

The fourth Egloge. 32

These are the tricks that women vse,
this is the sleightfull ginne :
These are the cruell weapons that
the myndes of men do winne.
Thus hoping he his Gallant girle
to conquere at the last,
His wages sco:nde, and plide his loue,
and follows hir in hast.
Wherfore now leauing Cart & plough
and Oren all alone,
To Shepheards toyle I will retourne.
Frable youth (the more the mone)
Is bassall to this surie fell
and to this folly th:all :
It wanders rounde about this coast,
and ouerturneth all. * *
Lo, see what Witte can not deuise
by Fortune comes to thought :
O wondrous chaunce, O happy happe
that this to mynde hath brought.
O famous iest fo: two months space
well able glée to make :
God faith fo: the Nightingale
now sits a broode in brake.
But that which thou of subtile sleight
of crafty Lasse did syng,

Alphus.

What

The fourth Egloge.

**What Vmber earst of womans guile
hath wrote, to mynde doth bring.**

Ianus.

**I tell vs Vmbers merry Verse, *
if thou hast ought in store
Howe out withall: they say he wrote
a stately style of poze. * ***

Alphus.

**It is as thou tellst, but for my tale
what recompence remaines?
What thanks shal I: what guerdon haue,
for vnder taken paines? ***

Ianus.

**Go to, Ill stande to bargayne made
kepe thou those dartes of myne. * ***

Alphus.

**I Ianus, whilst I goe behynde
that yonder sedge, repine
Not thou to driue along my flocke
but force them onwarde still,
For feare least in my absence they
the neighbour Vine do spill. ***

Ianus.

**O Ramme I say, that for thy hornes
the Diuell doest represent,
To enter in the Vine thou aye
with cankered mynde arte bent.
Thou neuer wilt be ware and wise,
till from thy forehead I
With cruell yron for the nones
doe reane thee eyther eye:**

And

The fourth Egloge. 33

And make the leane that pienenish pate
and horned head of thine :

Will not a hundred Acres serue
but thou must to the vine? * *

Oh, now at my retourne I haue
reuokte to minde somewhat

Alphus.

Of those self things we mentiond earst,
of all I can not chat.

But *Vmber* wyll of erie thing,
that man by wysdome knowes :

The Skie, & Stars, & ground, & winds,
the Sea, the flouds that flowes.

The Foutayns eke & spouting springs,
at Rhodop he hath bette :

Epyrus fiery mountaynes he
and *Ossa* earst hath sette.

The soyle of Fraunce, and *Araris*,
both Rhodan, Tyber, Pade:

And out of curious *Greece* he hath
his Latin myter made.

A worthy wight for eyther speach,
and skilde in eyther tong,

As wel's the best that euer yet
hath Latin verses song.

Him specially the lerned *Greekes*
repined sore to see

F. i.

Arca-

The fourth Egloge.

Arcadians, Thrace and Thessalie
our Countreyman to bee.

His doctrine and his trade of life.

god Candia followed aye

That dwells hereby, he skilfull is

he shall declare the waye

And ready path to vs: meane while

let Shepherdes vs assay

With ioyful blast of puffing breath

on Otten Pipe to play.

But first of all I pray the Nimphs

here prest to be in place:

But chiefe Polydora, for they say

she hath the goodliest grace.

Narratio These Morn are a ferde sette,

curst, cruell, full with pride:

Reiecting lawes, refusing meane,

from reason wandring wide.

They knowe the boundes of better life,

extremes are best in price:

What they attempt is rashly done

and quite without aduice.

A Woman eyther not prouoke

like Leade full humpish lies:

Or being once stirde vp, too fall

about hir things she hies.

Aye

Age Winterlike, a frowning cheare
and frostie face she beares :

Euen as the Dogge with cruel starres
the singed soile that seares.

She neuer keepes the golden meane :
for eyther passing well

She loues thee, or with mortall hate
pursues thy ghost to Hell.

If graue she couet for to seeme,
too grimme becoms hir grace :

She poynteth then and fiercely frownes.

But if with friendly face

She long to looke, hir grauitie
is banisht out of place,

Those lookes demure and Matrone like
leude laughter hath in chace.

Straight Biglot like she wareth light,
she grins with childish cheare :

In smyling brow a Whorish mirth
doth shiningly appeare.

She sobs, she laughs, right wise she is
as franticke as a Hare :

Opprest wth trebling feare she quakes
and yet too much doth dare.

She will, she will not, euer so
hir thoughtes contrary are.

F. y.

Uncon

The fourth Egloge.

Unconstant, light, bayne, chatting, and
a double tong doth beare,
Presumptuous, threathfull, thirsting blood,
disdaynfull erpe wheare.

Wile, greedy, catching, quareling eyes
and strouting full of hate :

Of light beliefe, and bent to lies,
impatient of hir state.

A costly charge, to quaffing gyuen,
rashe, bitter, iesting, lighte,

Ambitious, Socerose, brothell haude,
with supersticion fright,

To laasie, greedy gutted, and
to Lechers lust indynde :

Swart mouthde, venericious, wanton, of
too nice and dayntie kynde.

To flattery bente and paynting of
hir face with forrayne freake :

She keepes in cankred hart hir hate
till tyme she may awoake

And be auenged of hir foe,
vnfaythfull thancklesse eake.

Malicious, hastie in reuenge,
bolde, bedlam, wrangling wight,

A rebell, stubborne, stiffe as stake.

She takes a greate delight

The fourth Egloge. 35

To cast in teeth hir olde good tournes :
if any hir accuse
Of guyltie crime, with Tragike voyce
hir selfe she will excuse.
She mumbles to hir self, she stirres
debate, she forceth nought
Of promise made, she friendship scorns,
and euer hath in thought
Hir priuate gayne and no mans else :
she iestes, she flatters aye
She tels thy counsell, and as she
thy secretes doth bewray
With bitter scoffe she payes thee home,
she trifling newes doth spredde
Among the people, and doth adde
to euery tale a shredde,
And of a hillocke makes a mount.
She doth dissemble sore,
She makes in wise, and beares in hand
and learned hath of pore
Untruthes and leasings to deuise,
to craft she wants no art :
She wots well how to euery chaunce
hir countenance to conuert.
Man can not well auoyde hir guile,
nor shunne hir sorely daises :

The fourth Egloge.

So many are hir mischeous crafts,
so sundry are hir shifts,
And subtile sleights hir craft to cloake,
Pea and put case that thou
With present eye beholde hir seates,
yet she with shamelesse brow
Will dare excuse conunitted crimes :
by cloaking craft she can
And double dealing of the minde
delude the Sense of Man.
We wotte not how to credit ought
that hir repozte doth blow :
And yet if she would haue vs thinke
that all she sayes is so,
We can not but beleue the same,
she driues vs to affie :
Hereto examples may persuade.
What cursed crime to trie
Hath not a Woman had the heart
and ventrous hand of poze :
Tarpeia to hir countrey foes,
(that mortall hatred bore
To Romaine state) the Capitoll
did yeelde, in hope to haue
The Jewels that about the weests
of Souldiers glistred brane.

Medea

Medea with hir babes bloud
 imbued hir beastly handes,
 Faire *Helen* thousand Barges brought
 vnto *Egean* sandes.
 For *Minos* loue (hir fathers foe)
 whome *Scylla* did pursue,
 She rest the *Princes* *Entple* locke,
 and from hir countrey flewe.
 Hir Brother beastly *Byblis* lou'd,
 with Father *Myrrha* lay:
Semyramis that aged Quene
 of *Babylon* (they say)
 Hir sonne King *Ninus* out of kinde
 did fanſie (fleshly Dame :)
Eriphile at ſiege of *Thebes*
 (to hir eternall ſhame)
 For golden *Dioch* betrayde hir Spouſe
Amphiaraus hight :
 King *Danaus* daughters did to death
 their husbandes in a night.
 The *Thracian* *Liues* wth cruell clubs
 the Poet *Orpheus* rent :
Pasiphæe that wanton *Wench*
 (to worke hir ſoule intent)
 In *Mynos* abſence cloſe in Cowe,
 was couerde of a Bull :

E.iii.

Hippo-

The fourth Egloge.

Hippolit Phædra went about
from honest life to pull.
Rebecca *Isaac* did deceine,
and blearde his aged eyes :
And hid the sonne that *Iacob* hight
in *Goates* long hatry tytle.

The cursted *Deianira* gaue
vnto hir manly fæere
The fatall benome, he (good man)
did bye the shirt to deere.

Hippodame beguyld hir sire,
and stopt his vitall breath
By matche with *Pelops*, and pꝛocurde
therby his hasty death.

Launynia wrought the *Troians* woe,
and bredde a broyle in fieldes :
Hir *Turnus* would haue had to wife,
Aneas would not yeelde.

Achilles chieftaine of the *Grækes*
from battaile *Brysis* draue :
Duke *Agamemnon* all inragde
with *Chrysis* beautie braue
Did freate and fume in furious wise
and felt *Apollos* wrath :
And cursted *Eue* from blessed fieldes
mankinde expelled hath.

Belœue

The fourth Egloge: 39

Belene me (Shepherd) for I sweare
by Gods that haue the care
Of Countrey soyle : If you wil haue
your Cattle well to fare,
Your Pastures fitte for feeding Flocks
and wanting all dysease,
If hwe you haue of sheepe, of peace,
of life and quiet ease :
Abandon all these foolish Girles,
let wanton Wenches goe,
Do from your shepcots shift away
all Women lesse and moe.
Let *Thestylis* and *Phyllis* walke,
beare *Galathea* grudge :
Force you *Neera* nought at all,
let fine *Lycoris* trudge.
Oh, make me shewe what woman ere
went downe to darksome Hell,
And came fro thence, or tidings brought
from such as there do dwell :
Eurydice might haue returnde
if she had had the wit,
And come from shade to sunne againe,
to light from lothsome Pit.
Proserpine eke whome *Pluto* stole
and had conuayde away,

f. b.

hir

The fourth Egloge.

Hir wearie mother *Ceres* thunnde
with grieuſly laing to ſtay.
But god *Aeneas* ſhapt retowze,
and *Orpheus* did the leeke :
Alcydes eke that **C**hampion ſtout
and thrice renowned **G**reeke.
Duke *Theſeus* and the brothers both,
of whome one quailes his foes
With ſight on horſebacke, tother aye
on ſote to weſtling goes.
And our **R**edemer, higheſt **G O D**,
whence life and comforte flowes,
Went downe to **H**ell, and roſe againe
as all the worlde knowes.
Theſe (*Shepherds*) theſe are myſteries
to be obſeru'd of you :
By nature **M**an and kinde is bent
all filthie things t'eſchue.
Inſamous places moſt delight
and fanſie **R**omans minde.
Euen as the **S**eamen driven on
the **R**ockes with wane and winde,
Knowes how the daungers to declare
vnto his other **M**ates :
So he ſhall well of former happes
and future chaunce debates,

And

The fourth Egloge: 38

And tells what Fortune will befall
by likelyhode at the least:

Whose wasted yeares haue planted wit
within his aged breast.

If fellie Fowles the Eagle flie,

if Buckes the net do shunne,

If bleating Lambs auoide the Wolfe,

if Dierc from Dogge do runne:

Then (Shephierd) oh why dost not thou
from Womans flatterie flee:

And trudge from hir with speedie flight
that so annoyeth thee:

As ruthfull they as Crocodile,
or beast Hyena hight.

The viler mischiefc they pretende
when to the outward sight

They deawc their cheekes wth trickling
and vse their sweetest call: (teares,

Then they conspire thy cruell death
(fell Monsters) most of all.

O Shephierd shun the Womans looks
and flec hir flatering face:

For harling nets and hurtfull ginnes
are pight in beauties place.

Repose no trust in manly force,
in p^{ro}wesse or in might,

Trust

The fourth Egloge.

Trust not Duke *Persens* glittering
that made y^e sturdy Knight (shield
Of fell *Medusas* crawling Snakes
to hyde the vgly sight.
Carst many Monsters haue subdude
and gasty Giants quelde :
Huge Cities sackt, and in their handes
whole Seas and Hauens helde.
With flowing fieldes and haughty hils
that seemde to touch the Skie :
And other some haue wonne y^e spurres
for noble Chiuallrie.
Yet those that valiantly atchieude
and did these feates of fame
And conquerde all, a Woman hath
(the more these Princes shame)
As Captiues caught, & brought to yoke.
That Shepheard that was King,
And woze the Lions hairy spoile
and warrde with weakesfull sling :
And eke his sonne that worthy Prince
King Salomon by name
The sacred Temple (Syon clept)
who first of all did frame :
And Sampson he whome neuer man
could deale withall in fiede,

All these (I say) for all their force
 to Womans yoke did yeelde.
 Lesse hurtes the fiery flashing flake,
 lesse raggie Rockes anoy,
 And lesse the Cleaue that Adam did
 expell from heavenly ioy :
 Lesse spoiles the spitefull steely Speare
 and dreadfull darte of Death,
 That quite cuts off the line of life
 and reaues the vitall breath,
 Than woman doth our daylie foe :
 who neuer well content
 With beauties beames & Nature gaue,
 doth aye with care inuent
 A thousand meanes to make it more
 and fairer to the eyes.
 A golden glistring Fillet to
 hir forehead she applies,
 With Purple hue hir paalie cheekes
 she paintes and daylie dies.
 By Arte hir lockes she setteth in place
 and deckes and dils hir pate :
 By Arte she tempers all hir lookes,
 by Arte she guides hir gate.
 She runs before with scudding skips
 the louing man to lure

And

The fourth Egloge.

And bring to place for follie fitte :
although she looke demure
And giue the nay, with all hir heart
she would on him bestow
His suite, she strives, but gladly would
be conquerde of the foe.
A Woman to the Northeast winde
may well compared be,
That gathers by the cloud and straight
doth force the same to flee
Abode by guilefull pufte againe
and bitter windie blast :
So she allures, and then she lowres
vpon hir Loue at last.
By tryall I that finde it true
do will thee to beware
(Whilst yet thou mayst) the lothsome
that in these Women are. (tricks
But homely they by nature are,
by Arte they waken brane :
By day 'tis all the worke they doe,
their dreames thereof they haue.
They pluck off haire wher neede requi-
they wash, they paint & sleekie : (res,
They chamfer, purple, anoint and smooth
and practise other leake.

Decyte

Deceyte they are from toppe to toe,
all craft and trifling toyes :
All stuff with venome rancke and bile,
that gazers on anoyes.
Of Glasse she takes hir counsell aye
for ought she puts in bre :
By biewe thereof she learnes to moue
hir lippes and looks demure.
She learnes to craft by gase of Glasse,
to smile with flattring glose :
She wags hir hench that hangs behind
and shoulders as she goes.
What meanes that bare & naked brest
and open clyft a hie
That makes the double path betwixt
the dangling Dugs to lie :
Pought else (good fayth) but for þ force
of poyson should oppresse
The Sense the more, & Stygian flame
within the heart increase.
These are the Rocks of retchlesse Age,
and Syrtes that threaten wracke :
These Scyllas and Charybdes are
the cordes of Youth to cracke.
These are þ Foules that Harpeis hight
that with their fylth defile

The

The fourth Egloge.

The chamber, parler, boord and streate,
and makes the temple vile,
Pollute the path, the Champion fields,
the Sea, the flood, the hill,
These gasty Gorgons are that earst
in Lybie land did kill,
And that with monstrous glowing looks
to Stones did men conuarte,
And wrested Nature from hir kinde
by cruell curst Arte.
Thus by the way (as you haue heard)
the learned *Umbers* verse
Recyted is, and we are they
that did the *Ryme* reherse.
Which if you deeme excessive long,
remember that the blame
Is in the thing it selfe, the Verse
doth not deserue the same.
The Verse is not so long, as is
these *Womens* franticke fitte.
O noble aged famous wight
(of whose for worthy witte
The boasting *Umbria* brags & vauntes,
and *Tyber* neighbour place
Thereof) tis not without desert
that Partiall *Romaine* race

The fourth Egloge. 41

Of thæ accompted earst so well :
The noble Citie knewe
Thy passing wit and pleasaunt baine.
The learned Muses rue
Both Greekes and Latines thy decease,
I with thy corps in graue
With ease to lie, and golden soule
in Skies his seate to haue.

¶ The.v.Egloge en-
tituled CANDIDVS.

The Argument.

*Siluanus seemes to muse
at Poets ydle life :
Himselfe not ouer hastie yet
by gift to ease their griefe.
But Candid (Poet poore)
bewailes the present time :
Wherin the Learned loathed are,
and such as maken Rime.
Siluanus wealthie was
well storde of stuffe at home :
But carefull Candid want of goodes
enforcde abroad to rome.*

G.i.

But

The fift Egloge.

But yet for all his toyle
and trauayle long sustaynde:
For all his learned vaine in Verse
no whit this Poet gaynde.
Which makes the man the more
gainst wealthie wights to warre:
For somewhat he deserude to finde
that tranaylde had so furre.

The speakers names.

Siluanus. Candidus.

Siluanus. O Candid, thou ere this
didst vse a common trade,
With vs to feede thy flocke a fiede
and Pipe in pleasaunt shade.
To chat in merry wise,
and wrestle now and than:
But now me thinkes thou art become
another kinde of man.
As though thou didst both loath
the Shepherdes and their soyle:
Thou fleest the fieldes, & scornst to sing,
a sleepe dumpysh dzoile. * * *

Candidus. You that at home haue store
of goodly housholde stufte,

Whose

The fift Egloge. 42

Whose kye haue dangling Widders do,
 and morning Milke ynouffe: (wne
 Whose flockes do fill the paille
 euen to the vpper brimme,
 Whose Hierds do make y croked Cans
 with whashing whay to swimme:
 Whose wordes with Bankets braue
 and fattie Feastes do reake,
 In commendation of a Clerse
 and praise of Poets speake,
 If ought be well deuise
 you giue a chearefull crie:
 And to the hearing of the same
 a pleasaunt eare applie.
 Claine praise and painted wordes
 in recompence you giue:
 Meanewhile y Shepherd hunger sterue;
 in thirst and colde doth liue. *

Can he not both attend
 his flocke, and otherwhile
 At vacant time make Clerises, and
 all cankered cares erile?
 And wast his dayes in sport,
 and leade his life at lust
 As best contents his liking minde: * * *

No (friend) a Shepherd must

C. y.

Silvanus.

Candidus.

All

The fift Egloge.

All layfure time vnto
his Cattle well imple,
Trot out in haft, retourne in poaft,
and bout his matters hie :
Keepe off the barking Wolfe,
close by his flocke in folde,
Giue strawe and fodder to sustaine
his Beasts from Winter colde :
For meate and drinke puruey,
no leysure time remaines.
A Werse it is a stately thing
and craues a cruell paines,
And all the braine (*Siluanus*) beates,
and stirring Senses straines.
Both these are weighty woorkes
and ouermuch for me :
When I haue song I am fall drie,
my lippes ypartched be,
And no man giues me drinke :
some other scoffe a good,
And say, me thinks your cloake is thin,
your haire grows through your hood :
Your hose are crackt at knee,
your bearde is bristled soe.
Now naked Trees vnuested are,
the frostie hills are hoze.

I chaufe,

I chaufe, I sorrow eke,
and daylie do disdain:
The cost of needefull cates consumes
and weares away my gaine,
Both Wool and Cattle male.
We keepe the females aye,
But for they fostred are with milke
we make no cheese nor whaye,
They drie the strouting Tets.
It yrks me of my witte
(If any lodge within my Skull)
and skill a Verse to writte.
It loathes me of my life
this cruell chaunce to see,
That none of all the shining Starres
is friendly light to me.
Thou wottst full well that I
for nought these many dayes
haue song, I wanted fewe good things
as then: now Youth decayes,
And limping Age is at
another kinde of stay
Which now encrocheth on apace,
it reaues our wealth away.
Then strength begins to faile,
no lucre hope remaines.

C.iii.

Then

The fift Egloge.

Then must we vse our gotten goodes,
and wast our coffred gaynes.
Wherefore now time requires
and bids vs looke about :
See how the Ant a little beast
(I put thee out of doubt)
But circumspect and wise,
in Sommer drags to Caue
And hides the Graine in hole, his life
in Winter time to saue,
And, least the Corne should sproute
and so escape his might,
The buried graine with greedy mouth
thisuellie Beast doth bite. *

Siluanus. They say there are that knowe
what Fortune shall betide
By Starres that rule at time of birth,
and they do thus decide.
The Poets they were wont
to *Mercur*e to assigne,
And noble *Peres* are vnder *Ioue*
whose soueraigne Scepters shine.
Them mightie *Ioue* allowes
the Golde and Kingly seate :
Mercurius giues those other wit,
tong, harpe and *Clerkes* seate.
That

That is thy lotted hap,
 Why dost thou gape for pelfe?
 God doth distribute needefull things
 as he doth see himselfe

What is for our auaille:
 wherefore accept thy share
 And liue content, resigne the rest
 to vs that wealthie are. * *

Thou riches hast at will,

Candidus.

I Clerke and Poets trade:

Why crau'st thou then my Clerke, & dost
 anothers bolondes invade? *

I reave thee not thy Muse,

Siluanus.

no; ought that *Phæbus* gaue:

But to thy Musicke for to lende
 an eare, is all I craue. * *

Then if thou long so much
 to heare my pleasaunt voice,
 (*Siluanus*) reason is, that with
 thy wealth I should reioice. *

Candidus.

He at my wealth doth ioy

Siluanus.

that loues both me and mine:

The spitefull man hates me, and at
 my welfare doth repine. * *

Yea, then as well thou may'st
 in absence take delight

Candidus.

The fift Egloge.

Enough of this my Muse, and so
thy friendship I requite.
For Verses are the feast
and iuncket of the eare,
Cheese serues to feede the tasting iawes
in steade of better cheare.
Wherefore if thou desire
to feast thine eares with sound :
Then set my chaps a worke with cates,
for so thou standest bound
By loue, and law of God,
so pitie doth persuade.
God giues not al his giftes to one,
but in such sorte hath made
His lawes of kinde, that none
can finde suffising powre
Within him selfe to serue his tourne,
but at some needefull holwe
He standes in want of helpe
and of some forraine ayde :
And that is it that doth conioyne,
and euer yet hath stayde
In league of lasting loue
all kindes of forraine wightes :
The French, the Maure, the Italian, &
the worthy Spanish Knights.
Then

Then let vs ioyne yseare,
and lincke at last in one
Those starres that at eche others birth
and day of being shone.

Cause *Iupiter* to be
my faithfull friend at neede,
And thou shalt haue *Mercurius* helps
if he may stande in neede.

Thou shalt not want his hat,
his twigge, or Lute to play :

Alcydes knot thou shalt commaunde,
which fewe can tell the way

Or none at all to loze,
so doubtfull is the drift :

Pea whisking wings & all thy linnies
into the Skies to lift. *

Good faith, me thinks thou telst
a baine and trifling tale :

Your ouermay words declare
your tong is tipt with Ale. * *

You count it baine that doth
your riches wrong a whit.

But if to heare my merrie Muse
you haue so great delight :

Do ease my drouisic dumps,
and myst of carefull minde :

C.v.

F.02

*Siluanus.**Candidus.*

.The fift Egloge.

Foꝛ Werſes craue a quiet bꝛeaſt
and ioyfull heart by kinde.
I woren am of late
much like the ſkirting Bite,
Whome cruell colde and hunger cloyes,
a ſlowe vnluſtie wight.
All ſcalie is my Skinne,
my lippes are paſſing drie :
Foꝛ lacke of licour at my neede
I am at point to die.
In ſtable not a Beaſt,
in cloaſe no Coyne to ſee :
No croſſe in pouch, and wouldſt I haue
me boide of care to bee :
Such Phyſike doth not ſerue
noꝛ ſitting is to eaſe
Me (ſellie Miſer) of my griefe
and grying ſotole dyſeaſe.
Make merrie me, do cloath
my bare and naked bones,
Relieue my Age, and thou ſhalt ſee
me making Werſe atones :
I out of hand will ſing
and pipe in pleaſaunt wiſe.
A houſe that ſtozed is with wealth
where traſh and treaſure lies,
Doth

Doth cruell cares exile
and banish dumpes away.
A Sellar full, Folders stufte with flockes,
Pots full as ere they may :
A Flaggon full to brimme,
as much as it can holde,
Barne full, fatte Cattle, and a Purse
pust bp with peysing Golde,
These make the merry minde.
Then pleasaunt tis to wake
The Winter nights, and with a sticke
at fiers side to make
Good sport with streking of
the Ashes furrowise :
And roast the Chestnutte that yrakt
in scalding imber lies.
And with an alie Cruse
the cruell thirst to quell,
And pleasaunt tales among a route
of spinning Trulls to tell.
For Vergil (by report)
Mecenas bearing sway,
The Countrey, Dren, loyle and eke
the Martiall warrs did splay
Aloft in lustie tune,
and strake with stately Verse

The

The fift Egloge.

The starry Skies, his Musike did
the haughtie Heauens pierce.
Good luck and stoze of wealth
allowde him fluent baine :
As sellie, poore and patched soules
the Muses do disdain.
To vs that Cruell suppe
with greedy gaping gurne,
As leane as rakes, the God of skil,
Apollo scornes to come. *

Siluanus. A friend if hoped hap
suffising wealth allowe
To me, I will procure release
of cares that cloy thee now. **

Candidus. *Siluanus* would thy will
did counteruaile thy might,
And thou wert bent as well as thou
art able me to quite
From present poore estate.
I neyther long to haue
The fluent wealth of *Cosmics*, 'tis
no silken cloake I craue.
No robe of Purple staine
no: Die that came from Tyre,
No: costly cates of mighty Kings,
no: Bankets I desire.

Not

The fift Egloge.

47

Not *Asops* daintie dish
 or warlike *Pallas* shielde,
 Nor battled buildings raised hie
 that *Romaine Nero* helde.
 (I minde it well that I
 of *Vmber* learned this)
 I craue attire and vittailles in
 a thacched Coate ywis.
 So that I were assurde
 of that till life did blinne :
 Giue me *Pythagors* homely fare,
 and *Codrus* garments thinne.
 I often times haue had
 the hap to hit on such
 That offred hanc to me ere this
 in painted words as much,
 But nought they did in dede :
 my hope consistes in thee
 Alone, and in none other man.
 If thou once false with mee,
 Quite off is cut my hope :
 with *Nightingall* I may
 Shut vp my Pipes till next resort
 of Spring, and leaue my lay
 As one withouten speach :
 then wil't be time to rest

W

The fift Egloge.

My weapon on the peast, and watch
discharge, the doze to shutte. *

Silvanus. O Candid thou at Rome
ere this (I know) hast borne :
The sacred Senate there thou hast
and holie Fathers scene.
Where are so many States
and store of learned braynes,
There may a man enritch him sone,
there restes the Poets gaynes. * *

Candidus. No sure, thou art begylded,
thou thinkst I long for yelse :
So weenes the Woulfe that other eate
the meate he molowthes him selfe.
And thou haste this conceyte
that other treade the way
And crosse the path that thou doest pace,
thus doest thou seme to say.
A pittance would suffice,
I couet not to flowe :
O let me liue withouten care,
the Romaine Court I knowe.
O *Siluan* what auayles
that place so poore a Wight ?
Augustus long agoe is deade,
in dampe or darksome night

He

The fift Egloge.

48

He woods and staves in Well.

If Rome do ought expende,
Tis trifles. Rome receyues the golde,
and woods for ware doth lende.

Alas, for now alone

at Rome doth money raigne :
Dane VERVE limes a weary life,
eride she bydes the paine.

Ech man doth bid vs hope
and looke for good at last :

We gnawe on Trust, tis slender fode,
we were as good to fast. *

Display some dreadfull fieldes,
pen actes of wortheie Peeres,

Silvanus.

Write weakefull Warrs of wrathfull
repaire to such as stores (Kings :

And are the stay of Realmes,
and wield the princelie Mace :

Thou shalt haue lucke to light on some
that pitie will thy case. * * *

Tush, sooner shall I finde
a checke or scoffing taunt :

Candidus.

Of Poets men as much accompt
as stewes they daylie haunt.

Why then (*Silvanus*) dost
thou stirre my chaufed witte ? *

Such

The fift Egloge.

Silvanus. Such filthie wordes to speake it is
not for a Poet fitte. * *

Candidus. I can none other chouse
but very sooth to say :
But if thou faime wouldst haue & truth
to be concealde, do stay
Thy tong from mouing me,
and leaue while things be well. *

Silvanus. What 'tis not one to stirre to wrath,
and good aduice to tell. * *

Candidus. Of counsaile I am storde,
my budget is but bare :
How should a needy Poet Wars
and kingly Campes declare ?
That hath not once so much
good here below the Sunne,
As knife to cut his Pipe, and cause
the breath by holes to runne ?
Beholde the handle of
my Whittle how it waggs
By loosenesse of the pinnes : see howe
the edge is all in taggs
And toothed like a sawe :
but these are slender things,
The lacke of meate and drinke is it
that me so vilely wrings.

God counsell somewhat mends
the matter when it comes :
But that aduice that fruitelesse is
our shaken Senses nomms.
It breakes the busie braine,
it weakes the wearie witte.
For Pæres small friendships to bestow
me thinks is nothing fitte :
And they do flatte refuse
great guerdons to forgoe.
Besides our Princes now a dayes
accompt of Clerkes so,
As Borias blast of leaues,
with whiffing force that flie :
Or Lybicke winde with stormie puffs
that on the Seas doth lie.
As frost doth force the Vine
whome cruell it doth cut.
The Bescars they their tickling ioyes
in swarte delights so put,
(Unmindefull of their states)
and ydle life embrace :
As Clerkes they will none that serue
their vices to deface.
Thence flow the wanton Rymes,
this makes that Poets nowe

The fift Egloge.

Of childish *Venus* chat so ofte
they wotte neare what no: how :
Of tauntes and scolding scoffe,
of beastly bellie cheare,
Of sluggish trade, infamous actes,
which too reprochfull were
And vile offence for one
that honest is to write.
But those that earst with hardy hande,
and courage stout did fight,
That bled valiaunt armes
and dealt with deadly blade,
Not glutted with the greedie Golde,
haue more of Poets made :
And lou'd the loftie Muse
and Verse of stately stile.
Those Martial Kings that foylde y foe
with haughtie hand erewhile,
Certoide the haughtie Pen
that did their battails blase :
But straight as sone as warlike wights
and Vertue fled the place,
The Poets could not write,
Inuention fainted thoe :
The learned lost their brains, the floud
of Tersing wared lowe,

To wracke went worthy workes.

If now a dayes of fame
Be any living that by warres
hath gotte a gallant name :
He forceth nought at all
of after commers praise,
Renoume of foraine land he scornes
content with present dayes,
(Quite glutted with good fame)
and laude that they allowe,
Whome he doth hourly see with eye
and viewes with daylie browe.

A savage man outright
he loues no learned skill,
Or else of much desired golde
can neuer haue his fill :
But drowned lies in mucke
and filthie Metals mire,
Quite crusht with cares as *Mydas* was
with greedie goldes desire.

Besides with Princes are
a rude and rusticke route,
A spitefull sect : The flattrring guest,
the counterfaiting Loue
Whose iestures maken glæ,
the baudie merchaunt cake,

V. g.

And

The fift Egloge.

And he, that what so ere he sayes,
to please the eare doth speake.
Then he that playes on Stage,
the iangling Jester to :
Pert him y mate that hunts y Whore,
and other thousandes moe
That hate the Poet, and
are Vertues deadlie foes :
Expell him from the Princes Court.
Much like as when the Crowes
Haue lothsome Carraine founde
and see the Carcas lie :
They drive fro thence both Foule and
not letting them come nie. (Beast,
Againe some Poets are
so out of reason rash,
As (blockish beastes) they dare to make
too fonde and foolish trash.
And all to feede the eares
and humours of the Pæres,
Pea such as force no whit of same.
For Poets eke there steeres
A kinde of frantick moode
and madnesse of the braynes :
These (but I wotte not what it is
that therevnto constraynes)

Will

The fift Egloge.

51

Will poets be in haſt
and taken ſo abroad,
As ſone as once they haue in Pipe
of hollow Memlocke blowde.
Well thinke they of them ſelues,
vpon their booke they beſt
While Fowles and ſilly Dotts vntaught,
not fitte to rule the roſt:
Foreſeeing nought at all
foreright and witleſſe men.
Who ſo accuſtomed is to lende
an eare vnto theyr Pen
And ſolliſh tedious tales,
doe deeme there is no choice,
But all are wiſe alike: and this
is it that baires the voice
Of learned men in deede;
ſo; that he knowes not howe
To iudge the better from the worſſe,
Minerva from the *Dolue*.
O *Candid*, I proteſt
by Heauenly powers on hie,
And haughtie Gods of Olympe hill
that wield the ſcudding Skye:
That I (if on my ſayles
there light a bleſſed blaſt)

Fin.

Will

Silvius.

The fift Egloge.

Will seeke to further thee in time,
and be thy helpe at last.

Meanewhile content thy selfe
and chaunce on hope with me:
Till better fortune shall allowe
my friendlier fates to be. * * *

Candidus. If so thou meane me well,
I wish thee like againe. *

Silvanus. Yes sayth wyth all my heart and minde,
the proufe shall make it plaine,
Within a little space. * * *

Candidus. Farewell thou churlish Chusse,
Pray God thou neuer mayst returne
that neuer hast prouffe.
Would all thou handlest mought
(as *Mydas* did of yore)
Be Golde, for cause thou setst of Golde
more than of Vertue store.

¶ The



¶ The.vj.Egloge en-
tituled CORNIX.

The Argument.

*H*Owe Countrey differs from the Towne
here Cornix he recites :
He girdes the foolish sortted Sectes,
and gainst the wutlesse Writes.

The Speakers names.

Cornix. Fulica.

*T*He wrathfull Winter snowes,
fell Boreas blasts do blowe,
The yscles from houses hang :
The man that earst did solwe
And tillde his stonie soile,
hath let a fiede his plowe,
And takes his ease : the wearie ground
it selfe doth slumber nowe.
The Shephierd hauing shutte
his doores, and caught his cloake
Kixes house : Neera eke doth sitte
at home in smothering smoake
At Chimnie noke, and plies
hir pottage Pot apace :

Cornix.

v.iiiij

Carst

The fift Egloge.

Earst Sommer for his scalding heate,
(when Sommer was in place)

That was so much myllike,
is now commended sore :

And Winter hated is of vs
for whom we wisht before. *

Fulica.

All present pleasure we
but little worth esteeme,
Surpassing that which is to come
(the hoped good) we deeme :

Even so the farther off the light
the more the light doth seme. ***

Cornix.

Eche Time and ery Age
his pleasure bringes with it :
See how the Countrey boyes unkenpt
in patched garments knit,

Reioyce at slaughter time
when Piggs do go to Potte,
They fill the Bladder full of Beanes,
and hauing tide a knotte

They rattell it a good :
an ocher whiles with hail
Closekist they theyr Elbowes ioyne
and scote the flying ball.

And thus the Winter colde
with trottyng here and there,

And

The sixt Egloge.

51

And frosty time with courting of
the Countrey ball they weare.
Yet wee farre better here
in Chimnies like to burne
Stretcht in Strawe, do wast the time
whilst milke to crudde doth turne. *

The Winter doth forshew
the poore and needefull plight.

Fulica.

The youths are such a retchlesse route
as do not wey a white

The aftertime to come :

In Sommer carelesse we
Do lead our liues not minding what
the Winter is wont to bee,
And all our pence the Piper hath
for making merry glee.

When Borias makes retourne
from Scythian frosty bounde
And bared trees with battred boughes
and leaues playde in grounde

Betray where byrds haue bredde
and hatcht their chickens earst :

Pore naked soules our shoulders, back,
ribbs, feete with colde are pierst.

Our folie Winter wies,
more wise the Townish be,

v.v.

That

The sixt Egloge.

That heape their hordes of wealth at
furde downe beneath y knée. (home
The Fore the bellie wraps,
the stomacke gardes the Shæpe :
With help of speckled Libart eke
away the colde they kæpe. *

Cornix.

The Countrie men are Sottes
and Foles of erie age,
But not alone we witleffe are :
foz why a madder rage
In Citizens doth raigne.

But Lady FORTVNE is
A Damne to them, she seemes to vs
a Mother lawe ywis.

This Stepdamme sterne doth deale
with vs in cruell sorte :

They now a dayes are coumpted mad
that beare the baser porte.

But once allowe me wealth,
let me haue riches store :

Then I am best in all the towne,
I shall goe all before.

Then will my tale be heard,
I shall be masterd ayre :

Then croke they knees, the caps go off,
and marke what euer way

I passe,

The sixt Egloge.

54

I passe, the people crouch :
my counsell then they seeke
Both poore & rich, the wealthy snudge,
the saged Fathers eke. *

O *Cornix*, 'tis not Chaunce
that breeds this Witte in Man,
But 'tis the minde : nor maken vs
this Fortune wealthy can.

Fulica.

'Tis God that giues the goods
as earst *Amyntas* sayde :
'Tis easy riches to attaine
if he do stande our ayde. * * *

Now Fortune is a God,
no doubt therof I haue.

Cornix.

But what was it *Amyntas* tolde :
of thee his tale I craue.

For he was knowne a man
of quicke and sharper braine
Than diuers are, wherfore I would
heare his good verditte sayne.

But yet before thou hast
that wise discourse begunne :
Unto the fouldes to see our flocks
I pray thee (*Fulike*) runne.

Trudge, and returne in haste,
for after colde (thou knowst)

A fute

The sixt Egloge.

A fitte of heate more welcome is,
packe and retire in post. *

Fulica.

Up to my knee doth reache
the thicke vnthawed snowe,
Scarce houses beare the weight therof:
the Quen that bakes the dowe,
Hath at the very toppe
great lumps therof that lyes,
And bp into a picked poynt
it clymes in Winter wyse. * *

Cornix.

Fill bp the Kacke with hay
that came of latter share:
Do stoppe the elouen clifis with straw,
if so the walles doe stare
Dz gape in any place:
and ere thou hither come,
Besmeare the thresholde round about
with lime and bullocke lome.
For nothyng more annoyes
oz banes a Beast than coide.

What? art thou com: what means this
tis more than vse of olde. * (hast:

Fulica.

Fie, Winter nippes me sore,
this frost doth make me frette:
The greatest comfort in the earth
is, both in coide and heate,

To hugge in reakyng hay,
and when the coide is past
In stryng straw to stretch our stumps
and lunnies on mow to cast. * * *

Goe to, begyn to tell

Cornix.

how Towne and Countrey trade
Do swarue, the odds display thou here. *

Thus good *Amyntas* made
The difference swirt these two.

Fulica.

What time the worlde began
And things as yet were newly framde,
then *G O D* did linke a Man
With woman aye to liue,
and marride them yseare

Narratio

He wilde the Man to get the Babes,
the Woman babes to beare :

And taught them how they should
theyr children eke beget.

At first they wyde theyr busynesse well,
and did theyr tasker set.

Woulde so they had done still,
and let the fruite alone :

And neuer tasted of that tree
the Apple grewe upon.

The Woman wore a dancie,
both Boy and Wench she boye :

And

The sixt Egloge.

And yearly so by like increase
With men the earth did store.
When fiftene yeares were past,
GOD came again that way
And there he found the Woman whilst
She gan hir babes aray.
Him she dyscride a farre,
as she at thresholde sate.
(This while was *Adam* gone a fiede
this *Womans* wedded Mate.
He carelesse fed his flocke,
as then was no mistrust
Of fallshode twirt the man and wife.
But when that growing lust
Made manie marri'ge knots:
then false they gan to play,
They knockt the Goate about the pate
and rest his hornes away
To graffe on Husbandes heade:
then iealous seede begonne
To take his roote in Husbandes breast,
he doubted of his *Donne*.
For men that false a worde
themselves are wont to play,
Mistrust their wiues will goe about
their auncient debtes to pay.)

Here

Herewith the Mother blusht,
and bare hir selfe in hande
So manie babes would ouermuch
against his liking stand,
And make hir be suspect
of too much wanton lust:
She ranne and hid me some in hay,
and some in chaffe she thrust.
In came the mightie GOD,
and hauing blest the place
Sayd: Woman fetch me all thy babes
that I may see their face.
The Mother brought the biggst
and let the lesser lie:
GOD likt them well. As men are wont
(as daylie prouise doth trie)
Of Fowles and senting Houndes
to like the eldest best.
First to the senior of his Sonnes
thus spake the GOD and blest.
Take thou this kinglie Pace,
supplie a Besars roome:
Unto the second brother Armes,
and made him Mars his growne.
Be thou a Duke (quod he)
and daunt thy foes in fight:

And

The sixt Egloge.

And then at last he shewde out Koderes
and Are to open sight,
With Twigs of tender Vine
and noble Romaine daric:
And Offices gan deale about
to euery Babe a part.
Wherewith the Mother glad
to see hir Sonnes erio.de,
Kanne in, and fetcht out all hir brode,
and sayd: Thou God beholde
These are my belly fruite,
these in my wombe I bare
As well as those: vouchsafe to let
these haue some part of share.
Their bristled pates were white
with chaffe, the stralme it hong
About their armes, and spider webbs
that to the wattles clong.
Those like him nought at all
not one he fanste well,
But frowning sayd: Anaunt you Cises,
of mowe and mould you smell.
Take you the gozyng Goade
and countrey punching pricke:
Take you the spitting Spade in hande,
and Garden setting sticke.

To you the Culter longs,
 the Boake and other trash :
 You shall be Ploughmen, Carters you,
 with Whip to giue the lash.
 You shall be Shepherdes you,
 haycutters, delue the soile :
 You shall be Seamen, Cowardes eke,
 turmoilde with endlesse toile.
 But yet among you all
 we do appoint that some
 Shall leaue the clownish Countrey life
 and to the Towne shall come.
 As Buddingmakers, Cookes,
 the Butchers, Picwines eake :
 And other such like stuttish Artes
 of whome I doe not speake :
 That wonted are to sweate
 and at the Coales to burne,
 Like Dridges wasting all their dayes
 to serue their maisters turne :
 This done, the mightie GOD
 departed from the Skies.
 Thus twixt the Towne & Countrey did
 the difference first arise.
 Thus were the Clowns ymade, as good
*Amyn. as doth deuise. * * **

The sixt Egloge.

Cornix.

If he had ought sayde well
I would haue marueld much :
He was a Townish man, and they
do euer beare a grutch
And byte with bitter scoffe
vs poore and Countrey soules,
Tis all the worke they haue to do,
aye vs the Towne controls.
Pea, they will nothing shame
against the Gods to iest,
Deuising trifles like to this.
Art thou so plaine a gest
And stult with Pudding so
and hast thy belly full,
As that thy selfe art toucht herein
can neuer pierce thy skull :
This nippe is euen a taunt :
but let vs for a space
Vnto the follies of the Towne
conuert our Countrey face,
And iudge of all their deedes :
least thou surmize perhaps
That they are wyser vnto whome
the people baile their caps :
And such as daylie goe
in Golde and Purple wæde,

Than

The sixt Egloge. 58

Than we that homelie Rustickes are
and simple men in deede.
I surdrie times haue sene
men cladde in costly geare
Like Princes bout the Market square
and letting here and there :
Quite hunger steru'd at home
and Kitchens boide of Cookes,
As poore as Iob, when all was weyde
for all their loftie lookes.
What follie more than this ?
to beare of wealth a face,
And be a needie Begger yet
for all the painted case ?
Men but beguile themselves
in vsing this deuise.
Pea more than that, my selfe haue sene
the Office fathers wise
That beare the onely sway
(O vile and filthie crime)
Whilst they themselves wil liue at ease
and leudly waste the time :
Set out their wiues to hire
and daughters to be solde :
What can be worse ? or fouler fact ?
What more to be controlde ? *

I. y.

Put

The sixt Egloge.

Fulica.

Put case they can not finde
another way to liue? * * *

Cornix.

No: did not G O D as many handes
and other Senses giue

To them, as vnto vs?

yes. Then I pray thee tell

The very reason (*Fullick*) why
they can not liue as well?

Nay, more than that are some
that practize daylie scate

To come by wealth by vaine deuise
as neuer man could get.

With iuice of sappie hearbes

they rubbe and burnish Brasse,

In hope to make it Golde in tyme,
and bring their willes to passe

In wrestling Nature cleane

and chaunging kinde by skill:

They puffed the coales in pensiue care
with swarth and smoakie gyll.

Another studies harde

and plies inchauntments soze,

In hope to finde some hidden vaine
of Golde, vnknowne befoze

That lurkes in dampe of ground
and hollowe Vault belowe,

And

The sixt Egloge: 59

And playes the Witch, but nothing gaine
as prouise doth plainly shewe. (nes

What vainer toye than this?

What leude or lighter iest?

Bycause they would auoide the plough,
mans life that is the best,

They practize euery feate,
attempting euery thing:

They ofte begin, but neuer ought
to good effect can bring.

They euer turne and wende
and kepe a daylie coile,

To kepe them from the carefull Carte
and tilling of the soile.

By Money loane and Use
of filthie Fulckers trade,

(That Usurie may well be terme)
infamous shiftes be made.

They practize force and fraude,
and double dealing are:

They lay their wilie hookes for wealth,
deuising day by day

A meane to mount to state
and Honours tickle throne.

Whilst we Sheepe, Goates & flockes do
and let such trickes alone: (frede

I.iiij.

They

The sixt Egloge,

They keepe their sowring Haukes,
they foster barking Houndes,
They haue their footcloth Pags to ride
about their Pasture groundes.
Of Dunkies much they make
and other Apish toyes:
This is the onely trade they vse,
these are the Townish ioyes.
The Rusticke Cattle keepe,
the Townsman Currs and Kites:
I pray thee iudge which is the best
of theirs or our delightes?
Which most with Worship standes?
which brings the greater gaine? *
If so our trade be bett' than theirs,
then how should they attaine
Such store of stamped Coine,
and Riches as they haue?
How come they by that daintie fare?
how by those garmentes braue? * *
How man? By slipper craft,
by pelting pilfering shiftes:
By subtile fetches of the minde,
by double diuelish driftes.
What (madman) dost not see
how vs they daylie wzing

Fulica.

Cornix.

In cruell wise? If of our wordes
 (a vile and beastlie thing)
 They take aduauntage once
 and catch vs in a trippe:
 We shall be sure to feele the smart
 and byde the lashing whippe.
 They deeme a godlie dede
 to take vs in the snare:
 And this is all their whole deuise,
 their studie and their care. *
 Whie? Holwe befalls that thou
 the Citie knowest so well? * *
 Holwe? This I learned earst while I
 my milke was wont to sell,
 And had my female Goates
 within the Citie wall,
 I oasted at a Bakers house,
 he knewe their manners all.
 He was a craftie Childe,
 and with his yron would
 Goe cut the doawe, and nip the leaues
 when Maidens gan to mould.
 He, as he wist their wile
 and knewe their craftie trade,
 Sayd, that the Citie was a Hell.
 A whole dis course he made

I.iii.

21

*Fulica.**Cornix.*

The sixt Egloge.

Of their unchristie lines
that in the towne did worne :
And tolde me, that to filch at first
himselfe had there begonne.
In Cities other are
with beastly bawdie rule
That wast the wealth their Grandfires
and plying of the Cule. (gaue
They haue their minion Trulls
and wanton fleshly Froes :
Oh, what more filthie can be founde
than is the life of those ?
(Pray) where is Whordome vsde ?
Manslaughter and Updore ?
Beare these in Cities not the sway,
and euer did of yore ?
Where lodge those Kings that seeke
their Crownes by losse of blode ?
And force their subiects to the death
that in their quarrell stode ?
Where worne the warly wights
that with such desperat hartes
Obiect themselues to fearfull foe
and dint of deadlie dartes ?
For slender wages they
do hazard life and all :

What

What madnesse more thā theirs that so
do seeke for sodaine fall ?

Of life they lesse accompt
than of a blast of fame.

And what is glorie, praise, or laude ?
What Worship ? Honours name ?

What giddie peoples voice
and brute of foolish braines ?

All dies and weares away with time,
death all this trumperie stains,

All sodainly do fitte
as light when Sunne doth dimme.

And they that hauing wealth at Land
vpon the Surge will swimme,

And leaue their Countrey coast
are foolish wights I trowe :

He wants his witts that will affie
in windes and water so.

Who so hath store of wealth
and vseth not the same,

Is mad I thinke : But yet of all
that man is most to blame

That liues a Misers life
and ouerharde doth fare,

And heapes his treasure in a hōde
and all for Some to spare :

I.v.

And

The sixt Egloge.

And leaues the thing vndone
(which he mought compasse well)
For children that shall after come
when he is deade in Hell.
All such as number starres
and meddle with the Skies,
And those that calke the dayes of birth,
and thinke they can comprise
By skill to scan the fate
to man that shall betide,
Are verie foolcs : But from his wits
yet he is farder wide
The nature of the Gods
that doth ensearch to knowe,
And dares vpon so great a light
his little eyes to th;owe,
Farre better is our faith :
fo; Townsmen euer loke
To haue a Reason, else they will
scarce credit any booke.
Bare wordes we soone beleue
that are of Countrey stampe,
And at the sacred Altar set
by many a light and Lanpe.
The Cytizens are harde
of faith, and neuer blinne

The sixt Egloge.

65

To search the secrets of the Gods :
whome if it were no sinne
To descant of so much,
but that we ought to knowe
Their natures, then theselues they mo-
vnto our Senses shewe. (ught
But sithens they would haue
their secret kinde vnknowne :
What meane we to enquire of Gods
and let them not alone ?
Our charitie brisdes
the Towrish zeale erreades.
For holie men that serue the Church
and weare the sacred wardes,
What store of meate get they
which goe from place to place,
Of vs that in the Countrey dwell
within a little space ?
I Bargeis lode haue sene
of Graine and goodly Corne
Brought from the countrie to y^e towne,
we aye such zeale haue borne.
Another sort of Dotters
and foolish men there are :
As pettie Foggers, barking Buggs
and Pleaders at the barre,

Well

The sixt Egloge.

Well skilde to scrape for coine
euen Tirants in their trade :
For ſæ they ſell their helping hand,
for money they are made
The wrongfull caſe to pleade :
they make theyr chiefeſt gaine
By letting Cauſes longer hang
than neede or lawe conſtraine
Within the cruell Court
where matters are to heare,
And what at ſne Court day mought
they linger on a yeare. (end,
Phyſitions eke there are
from place to place that ride
On Bullets, that full often ſtrike
the baines that are denide,
And miniſter amiſſe,
and for dyſeaſes frame
(Whoſe kind they neuer knew before
a certaine terme and name.
And they (though Arte they want
and lack good Phyſicks ſkill)
Haue lawfull leaue to bere the ſicke,
yea Patientes eke to kill.
And thoſe that Office beare
and ſwing the chickeſt ſway,

The

The sixt Egloge.

53

The more authoritie they haue
the more they runne astray.
The madder warden they
once placde in Rulers rowne.
O, what of holie Gouernours
and Fathers is become,
Of whome our Elders earst
by fier sitting tolde?
Nowe all is gone to spitefull wracke
that hath bene seene of olde.
The Temples are defaste,
the poore do make complaint,
The widows weepe & wzing their hāds
with too much grieffe attaint.
And what should be the cause
that things are at this hande?
The onely reason is for that
that Lust for Lawe doth stande. *

Fie (*Cornix*) fie, your rage
beyonde all reason goes:
Thou all men dost condemne alike.
What (man) thou must suppose
That of the Townish some
are good, in Citie dwell
Some honest men that leade their liues
and get their riches well.

Fulica.

I haue

The sixt Egloge,

I haue forgot the name,
but sure thereof I stande,
Pie *Balearia* liues no Snake,
all venome voides the lande.
No Dole in *Creta* cries,
no Horse or Gelding runnes
On mount *Ageria*: nor no ho-
nest man in Citie tounnes. *

Fulica.

An honest man is scarce,
in Countrey and in Towne:
And vertue is as rare a thing
as any may be founte. * *

Cornix.

O *Fullick* thou art mad,
that takst their partie so:
Eche one that in the Citie dwels
is thy vndoubted foe.
They haue vs close to skirme,
they pill and make vs bare:
They force vs first to filch, and then
our neckes they do not spare.
They wey not they a whit
though we to Gallowes goe,
They tye vs vp in hampzing corde
on tree to serde the Crowe.
If we haue ought that likes
their fanle or their lust,

They

The sixt Egloge.

64

They thinke to toying it fro our hands,
it is both good and iust.

They plucke away our plumes
and feathers one by one :

They neuer linne to scrape our goodes
till all our wealth be gone.

Which if we chaunce to see,
excuses then are had :

But so we see not when tis done,
they will denie like mad

They neuer toke away
one iote but was their owne :

So wrong they do esteeme the Theft
to be that is vnknowne.

Thus all the wealth they haue
and mucke that lies in mowe

By our sustained toile they gat
and sweate of painfull browe. *

Now you farre erre
the bounds of meane and right. * * *Fulica.*

O *Fulicke*, Townish shamefull pranks *Cornix.*
infect the worlde quite.

What makes in Sommer tyme
so many rotten shoures ?

Such thundring flakes, winde, flouds &
as from the heauen pourses ? (haile,

I yet

The sixt Egloge.

I yet remember I
haue seene the ground to quake :
The haughtie rofes of houses fall,
and Pillerpostes to shake :
The Sunne obscurde with darke
amid the shining day :
And in the night the Moone ydinde
and Starrelight tane away.
Howe chaunst that stinking weedes
the graine do ouergrowe,
And wilde and barraine Dates oppresse
the hoped Haruest so :
Howe hapt the Goate inuades
and tramples downe the Vine :
That smelling flours in spring are spilt,
and Garden goods do pine :
All these missehappes by meane
of ciuill Townish yll
Befall : and moe in time (I feare)
thereby such myschienes will.
Whence come these rash uproares :
whence springs this battails broile,
That brings with it all kind of plagues
that so annoy the soile :
The Citie is the head
and Fountaine whence it flowes.

Lyc. 101

The seuenth Egloge. 65

Lycaon hee that cruell Wolfe
(whome all the worlde knowes)
From Citie did discende :

Dencalion (with his make
Good *Pyrrha*) was a Countrieman.

'Twas for *Lycaons* sake
That all the earth was drownde,
Dencalion peasde the waue :

Lycaon murthred many men,
Dencalion man did saue :
He toke them from the earth,
this brought them life againe.

If euer Fire should wast the worlde
(as some affirme it plaine)

That mischief shall descend
from Towne and Citie sure :
Their vile and filthy living will
those cruell plagues procure. *

O *Cornix*, leaue to talke,

Fulica.

I heare the boyes to call
For pottage, (lest I be deceiue)
if ought be left, it shall

At after dinner bee
debated and discust :

Now let vs plie the paunch, the hore
declares to meate we must.

K.).

The

¶ The.vij.Egloge en-
titled POLLUX.

The Argument.

Here Galbula extols
the Shepherds to the Skie :
And tels how Pollux did conuert
that sawe the Sainct with eie.

The Speakers names.

Alphus. Galbula.

What thinkest thou Galbula?
Of Pollux passing fine
In piping carst (I wotte not howe)
inspired with powre deuine
Forwent his Pipe, his Maede,
his charge of Beasts, his Mates,
And hooded (as the Lapwings are
with cristes vpon their pates)
Foure dayes agoe himselve
to holie house did yelde.
Some think that whilst his flock he fed
alone in open felde,
He sawe some godlie shape
from Heauen to appeare,

(The

The seuenth Egloge.

66

(The rest I haue forgot) but what
 thinkst thou? I long to heare. *
 As Sages sayde, when God
 eche creature gan to make,
 (No trifles I will tell, but such
 of poze as *Vmber spake*)
 Both Clownish countrey wights
 and Shephierdes he ordainde:
 The Tyllman tough, bnmilde, in ci-
 uill nurture neuer trainde,
 Much like the lumpish clay
 that Culter doth controll:
 The Shephierd of a softer kinde
 a sickly hurtlesse soule.
 As simple as the Sheepe,
 deuo:de of wrathfull gall,
 The Sheepe that velds the milk, & likes
 his keeper aye withall.
 From flocke to Altare he
 would bring when so he came
 Sometime a Sheepe, a fatted Calfe,
 sometime a sucking Lambe.
 To Gods their honour due
 he gaue with good intent:
 His seruice so preuailde with them,
 he so their Godheads bent,

Galbula.

B.g.

As

The seventh Egloge.

As since the time the worlde
created was and made,
Unto this houre most gratefull was
to Gods the Shepherds trade.
And more than this, he calde
Assyrians a sort,
(Their names through care I haue for,
to Hace and Kingly port, (got)
That Shepherds were afore:
who garnisht braue in Golde
And purple roabes, proude countries oft
in battaile haue controlde.
That *Paris* that behelde
thre Goddesses in *Ide*,
With *Paris* eke the *Spyre* that would
haue forc'd his sonne to haue dide,
A Shepherd was. When *Moy-*
ses fearde with heauenly fyre
Came barefoote through the fieldes to see
the signe with great desyre,
A Shepherd then he was
and lately come from floud.
Apollo (as a bannisht man)
in *Grece* did thinke it good
His Godhead layde aside
a Shepherds charge to take,

And

The seuenth Egloge. 67

And so th' *Amphrisian* fields to walke
and Bowe and shafts forsake.
Those sacred Angels eke
when Christ in Oren stall
Was born, forspake for shepherds sake
that he would be a thall.
And Shepherds being taught
the miracles diuine
Of heauenly birth, did first beholde
the thundring Impe with eye.
The mightie Infant gaue
the Shepherds libertie
Before the wise and royall Kings
in Cradle him to see.
A Shepheard he him selfe
disdained not to call,
Those men he termed Shéepe that sim-
ple were and meeke withall.
And least you thinke I lie,
from Citie home againe
To Countrie as I came, In Church
I redde them painted plaine.
There portrayde are the Beasts
and little Lambes that lie
On soile beside their dames. A hu-
gie troupe from mountains hie

L. 113.

Of

The seuenth Egloge.

Of Gods on horseback comes,
their Diademes do blaze
With glittering Golde, this sight doth
the passers by to gaze. (make

No maruell then if Gods
appearde to *Pollux* sight :

In Villages, in Sheepe and homes
lie Sheperots they delight :

G O D is a guest to simple men,
the haughtie he doth spite. * * *

Alphus. Thou teist the truth, I wish
the fieldes as hurtlesse bee
Unto your Beasts. The Ass, the rack,
and Bullocke I did see.

I call to minde the route
that thither flockt apace,
We thinke I see the Kings of Inde
that brought their gifts in place.

One thing I craue, what kinde
of shap^e did *Pollux* see ?

And if thou knowst it (*Galbula*)
do daigne to tell it mee. *

Galbula. I knowe it well, and will
rehearse the storie true,
A worthe fact to tell or heare
for all men to ensue.

The

The seventh Egloge. 68

The froward Father, and
the Stepdame full of pride,
Had pressed *Pollux* necke with yoke
vne easie to abide,
In tender yeares when youth
sweet pleasures doth perswade :
But when he fealt his force to faile
through such a weary trade,
And sawe no Arte preuaile
their rigor to relent,
He thought it best to runne away :
and thus to flight ywent
His onely let was this,
he lou'd impatiently.
For doting loue (a common fault)
doth Youth accompany.
Loue of it selfe is strong,
the violence doth passe.
He went : At parture (these complaints
to me he mounted was
His dolours to declare)
with mourneful voice he spake :
Wilt thou (*O Virgin*) shed thy teares,
for such a traytors sake ?
And when thou seest thy selfe
by Louer so betrayde,

B. III.

Wilt

The seuenth Egloge.

Wilt thou bewaile the want of him
 that such a pranke hath playde ?
 Wilt thou thy cruell Friend
 remember in distresse ?
 Or shall that louyng bzeast of thine
 a chillie colde possesse ?
 That bzeast that hath prouokt
 so many weeping eyes,
 Wilt thou war wan' for grief: wilt thou
 sende sighings to the Skies ?
 I see the Virgins eyes,
 hir eares, hir paynted hart.
 Alas may any cunning now
 conceale my secrete smart ?
 A double dolour doth
 distraine my troubled minde,
 Hir grieve and my distresse : my woe
 to waile is me assignde,
 But not to hir : my fire
 more couertly doth burne.
 You Gods (I trust) will hir preserve
 in health till my returne.
 That after my erile
 when I shall backe retire,
 Our loue may haue a good successe
 ere youthfull yeares expire.

Thus

The seuenth Egloge. 69

Thus talking he did passe,
and would haue turnde againe :
Such loue had bleard the boy, such fransie
he boyld in youthfull braine.
But now the Dice were cast,
decreed was the flight,
He vnderneath a Popple tree
sate downe a wofull wight.
Beholde a Virgin crownde
with Garlande he did see,
Hir face, hir eyes, and habite were
Nymphlike in eche degree.
She did approche, and thus
the so^re boy bespake.
(Sweet Lad) where wilt thou wander
thy purposde pathes forsake. (now?
Alas thou wottst not where
this way woulde bring thee streight,
Yet darst thou goe to places straunge :
and thinking no deceipt.
To lurke in grassie felde,
eche perill thou neglect,
All safe thou deemst, & that which likes
thee best, thou most respect
Like braduised youth.
The Adder knit in knot,

And

The seuenth Egloge.

And lurking in the grasse doth bite
the man that sawe him not.

Th' vnware is sone begilde.

The Infant dares assay
Withouten dreade in burning Coales
with tender handes to play,

And thinkes it but a sport
vntill he feele the fire.

This Countrie traines the Passengers
at first with swaite desire,

And proffers pleasures rise
with ioyes exceeding all :

But entred once, foreseeing not
the hurte that may befall,

It setts a thousand snares
and planteth perills more.

This path as sone as you haue past,
that hill you see before

Leades to a shadie wood
where cruell beasts do dwell,

To dungeons deepe and lothsom vaults,
as blacke as any Hell.

And who so is intrapt
shal thence retire no more :

For first he hath a fillet swarth
and baile his eyes before.

Then

Then drawne about the wood
through sharpe and shrubby thornes,
To Monster he transformed is :
and whilst his tongue he turnes
And thirks to speake, he howles,
and coueting vpight
To go, he groueling crapes on foure,
the heaues are barrd his sight.
Beneath a Valley darke,
a Pit with waters blake
Doth stand, and then a mountayn huge
doth ouerlook the Lake.
Thus drawne to stinking Styx,
is headlong downe ycast
Into the filthy sorde, the Sinke
doth swallowe him in hast :
Thus damnde to Styx in shade
for aye he must abyde.
Alas, how many Shepherds through
these dotyng fitts haue dyde ?
And perisht with theyr flocks ?
but I am busie still
As one vntirde, to shewe the way
and wrest thax from the yll.
Wherfore do way delays
and sie the flattring doze

That

The seuenth Egloge.

That traines to death, go seeke the coast
that leades to secrete shore,
Against th' *Idalian* floods
where *Carmelus* is scene,
To lift his head aloft to Skies
bedeckt with Garlande gréene.
To auncient fathers first
this Hill gaue dwellings good,
As canes and houses made of trees
within a bushy wood.
From thence Religion first
deriu'd his offspring toke,
And came amongst your hills, as from
his head, the running brooke,
And from one Brandsire as
do many *Pephetos* sproute.
In those same woods, where *Bæchybous*
are growing all about, (ghes
Where fattie *Pir* doth sweate
and *Terebynth* doth shed
His glewlike gum, and clammy iuyce.
There after thou hast led
A happie hurtlesse life
deuouide of vile offence:
Then into places euer gréene
and flourishing from thence

I will

I will aduaunce thee ſtreight,
a better lodge to dwell :
Immortall ſhalt thou warden then,
and (marke what tale I tell)
Thou ſhalt as fellowe made
vnto the heauenly States,
Get vp aboue the ſtarres, and haue
the Nymphs vnto thy mates,
Both *Hamadriads* and
the hillie *Oreads* hight,
And *Napes*, Ladies that in ſweetes
and Garlands doe delight :
With lawfull leaue to haue y Skies
both vp and downe in ſight.
Thus hauing tolde hir tale
to Skie the Virgins ſelwe.
The *Pollux* ſware his mind was turnd,
and heart ychangde a new
Forwent his furies fitte.
Euen as the fire ſlaſh
Is quencht, whē *Padus* with his ſtreame
the ſrying fields doth waſh :
So parted cruell Loue,
that earſt his Arrowes ſhot
At him (good vouth) that ſtriving would
thoſe colde hote fitts forgot :

And

The seuenth Egloge.

And so good *Pollux* he
to silent Cloyster came. * *

Alphus. Oe a mary, Gods some men inspire,
that loke not for the same,
But they with other wroth
and causelesse angry bee. *

Galbula. Such powre haue Gods on vs as on
our lielly sheepe haue wee.

This knowledge will suffice
vs simple Countrie clownes :
Let them contende for greater witte
that weare the Scarlet gownes
And in the Citie worne.

Thus person *Ianus* tolde
Returnde from towne, and sayd he sawe
it writte in storie olde. * *

Alphus. Nowe goes the Sunne to glade
he toucheth top of hills,
Wherfore that wee with him depart
his wented parting wills.

O *Galbula* get vp
those trinkets on thy backe
The Scrippe is light, the bottle light,
no payne to beare the packe,
For though the burthen way
yet is it good to beare,

The eight Egloge. 72

Do that, and I will fetch our flocks,
for now the day doth weare.

¶ The.viii.Egloge en-
titled RELIGIO.

The Argument.

Two Shepherds met yfere,
one like the Mountaines most,
And tother did commend the Vale
about the Hillie coast.
The praise of Pollux Sainct
is intermingled here,
And sacred feasts, with holie dayes
that happen in the yere.

The Speakers' names.

Candidus. Alphus.

O Alphus, now the scorched ground
doth thirst, because the Sunne
is in the hiest point of Heauen
that he is wont to runne.

Wher

The eight Egloge;

Wherfore vnto the hanging hills
this present time persuades
To driue our flocks where Deaw is rife
and Mountes do cast their shades. *

Alphus. Yea, yea, I see the hills afarre
and haughtie Mountains hie:
But (to be plaine) what of the hills
to make I know not I.

For from my Cradle custome was
with mee to fade my sheepe
In Dale belowe, by riuers side
to dwell, and focke to keepe.
Upon the hillie grounde (I pray)
what kinde of corn doth sproute: **

Candidus. O simple siellie witted lobbe,
O plaine and pieuissh loute,
That aye hast dwelt by damping flouds
and filthie Fenmes belowe,
Much like the Gnats that haunt y lakes
where brushe and rubbish growe,
And where the stuttish vermin cause
a sauour like to hell,
And stinking stinke in durtie dikes,
and Marrish deapth to dwell.
Wher is of frogs, gnats, flies & wormes
and other like good store,

Among

Among the Willowes, Alderboughes
and rotten Reedes, with more
Than I can name : and yet dost thou
thus dare to mocke the Hills
And make so small accompt of them ?
From whence (I pray thee) trills
The spouting Spring ? and where (good
is marble quarre yfounded (friend)
That builds y^e Church : where grows y^e
in vale or hillie ground. (gold ?
What soile brings forth the lofty mast ?
where growes the Phisicke grasse ?
And herbes to cure diseases sell,
if not in hillie place ?
I sundry tunes on Baldus mount
the Bearesfoote gathered haue,
Which Goates diseasde from force of
is ready way to sane : (death
As Agon carst to me declarde
when he did geld at Spring
His sowes & lambs, he taught me that
as sure and soueraine thing.
Take here (quod he) the passingst heart
that euer grew on ground.
And further tell me (pray thee) where
are Chesnuts to be founde

The eight Egloge.

More plentiful than on Hills aloft :
Where greater store of Mast :
There are both groues & pasture grounds :
there I haue broke my fast
With Pie full many a time and oft,
and fatter gruell eate,
There are the sturdie Children borne
bolde yowthes in my conceate,
Bode footed Lads wth shoulders square,
well brauned armes and strong,
All hairy, handed harde, whose backs
no weight can lightly wrong.
From thence come lustie Mariners,
that sayle the marble Seas,
Are none more fitte for Towne affaires
or Citie than are these.
Where thou wilt haue thy Cattell cut,
or seeling timber fellde,
Or Stables warme, the Priuie cleane
or staying stoppe that helde
The filth, remoued from where it lay
and bred a lothsome smell,
Or men by Ladders to descende
to Clauies as darke as Hell :
These, these, are they that do the feate,
their witts are passing good,

And

And they are of exceeding force
 And lustie strength by th' kinde.
 But what shall neede so many words :
 all toyle they take in hande :
 Waite in the Kitchin, make the Fire,
 cast on the Chimney brande,
 Turne brooch in cūning wise, make cleane
 and purge the lower hole,
 For smoke to passe, beare gutts & tripes
 to riuer in a Vole,
 Swepe filthie flore with Birchē browne,
 but most I meruaile how
 They run with burthen on their backes
 and neuer seeme to bowe.
 They are bred vp among the Rocks
 and mid the Mountaines womne;
 Like Goates into the crooked Caves
 of savage Beasts they runne.
 Beside this, eake the way is short
 from top of Hills to Skie,
 Up to the azure cloudes they reach :
 and some do stande so hie
 As verily I deeme they touche
 the golden starres welnie
 They say there is a place where as
 the Sunne from Sea doth rise,

E.g.

Which

The eight Egloge.

Which (if I well remember) seemes
vnto our mortall eyes
Euen with his head to touche y^e Pome,
and that there liu'd a man :
But after ward when greedy Lust
and licozeus lips began
To tast the fruite that was forbid,
and that he cate vp all
The Apples, keeping none for God
when he for fruite did call,
This Gintton was expelde the place
not suffred there to dwell.
This makes that holie fathers like
the lofty Hills so well,
And there do choose them quiet staves
to leade their lyues in rest :
As Carthuse witnesse can full well,
Carmelus, Gargans crest,
Laureta, Athos, Lauern, Syne,
Soractis picked pate,
And Nursis thou that famous art
for aged Fathers fate.
And good Gamalula, whose head
so turrelike doth stande,
Beset with Beeche and other trees
that grow about the lande.

The eight Egloge.

75

As for the rest I ouerpasse,
for why I do not mynde
In this my tale to compasse all.
The Gods of state's kynde
Do of frequent the hilly holtes,
when downe in vale below
Dwel Ducks, Didopper, Bitour, Goose
Kite, Shag, and other moe. *

Among the Pleasures of the hills
wherof you speake so much,
How chaunced that you do nothing here
the Vine and Haruest touch?
And yet those two are chiefest staves
and aydes in life of Man. * * *

Alphus.

Those Mountain lads from rocky hills
come hither nowe and than
To buye our Corne in market place,
Grym wights all grymde with dust,
As rough as hogs, as leane as rakes
raggd, leaping at a crust.

Candidus.

The dwellers shewe the places kinde
and what his nature is.

But that you spake of Sacred vse
and Mountaine holynis
Hath brought vnto my mynde agayne
of Pollux what is sayd.

L. iij.

D

The eight Egloge.

Alphus. O *Candid*, if thou canst declare
What *Goddesse* 'tis, what *Mayde*,
Say on, for that wherof we gan
to chatte, is all in vaine:
More better were of holie trade
to talke, and greater gaine. * *

Candidus. That *Galbula* that earst was wont
with thee his flocke to feede,
Could fully haue instructed thee
in thy demaunde with spade. *

Alphus. Of *Pollux* much was sayd before,
but yet no worde was spoke
There of the *Nymph*, nor did I then
him therunto prouoke.
But now this talke of Church affaires
and holie sacred things
(For sure they best deserue the praise)
to my remembrance brings. * *

Candidus. She was no *Driad* *Nymph* perdie
that in the woods doth wonne:
She was no *Muse* of those that houte
Lybethris Mount doth wonne.
Nor any of those *Orcades*
that haunt the hills on hie:
But Mother shee to Mightie *GOD*
descended from the Skie.

The eight Egloge.

76

To bring a peace to such as in
distresse and trouble lie.

Danie Terbys is hir wayting mayde,
and lady Ceres eke

Attendes hir traine, and Aeol he
that by his force doth breake

And bridles wyath of wayward windes
that in his prison are.

Hir God hath plact aboute the Sunne
and golden glistring starre

Aboute Castiope the fawe,
and hath adorne hir head

And sacred front with twice six Signes
that hir enuiron spread :

And more than that, the watrie Moone
that shewes hir face by night

Full vnderneath hir godly foote
his prouidence hath pight. *

O Candid, wonders thou declarst
which Shepherds neuer knew,

What is that Terbys tell me, and
Castiops glistring betwe :

What is that Aeol that in denne
doth bridle blustering winde :

What be those fierie Stoads: thou telist
great meruailes, rare to finde.

L. iii.

Some

Alphas.

The eight Egloge.

Which (if I well remember) sēmes
vnto our mortall eyes
Euen with his head to touche y^e Pōne,
and that there liu'd a man:
But after ward when grædy Lust
and licozeus lips began
To tast the fruite that was forbid,
and that he cate vp all
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And Nursis thou that famous art
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And good Gamalula, whose head
so turretlike doth stande,
Beset with Beeche and other træs
that grow about the lande.

The eight Egloge.

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for why I do not mynde
In this my tale to compasse all.

The Gods of state's kynde
Do of: frequent the hilly holtes,
when downe in vale below
Dwel Ducks, Didopper, Witour, Goose
Kite, Shag, and other moe. *

Among the Pleasures of the hills
wherof you speake so much,
How chaunced that you do nothing here
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And yet those two are chiefest stayes
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L. iii.

D

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with thee his flocke to feede,
Could fully haue instructed thee
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Nor any of those *Orcades*
that haunt the hills on hie:
But Mother shee to Mightie *GOD*
descended from the Skie.

The eight Egloge.

76

To bring a peace to such as in
distresse and trouble lie.

Danie *Tethys* is hir wayting mayde,
and lady *Ceres* eke

Attendes hir traine, and *Eole* he
that by his force doth breake

And bridles wraith of wayward windes
that in his prison are.

Hir God hath plact aboute the Sunne
and golden glistring starre

Aboute *Cassiope* the fayre,
and hath adorne hir head

And sacred front with twice six Signes
that hir enuiron spread :

And more than that, the watric Moone
that shewes hir face by night

Full vnderneath hir godly foote
his prouidence hath pight. *

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which Shepherds neuer knew,

What is that *Tethys* tell me, and
Cassiope glittring betwee ?

What is that *Eole* that in denne
doth bridle blustering winde ?

What be those fierie Steads : thou telist
great meruailes, rare to finde.

L.iii.

Some

Alphas.

The eight Egloge.

Candidus. Some part of them bee starres in deede,
some part names founde of olde.
All which when *Pollux* had to me
in largest maner tolde,
Into the Temple ledde me forth
and sayde: This Sacred Wall
That here thou viewest, is able well
to make thee knowe of all.
The wall was painted full of signes
and Figures all about,
All I remember not, my braine
is weake, 'tis quickly out:
Scarce this I bore away, for all
I ofte revolv'd the same,
And did recompt within my head
each thing, and every name.
For sundry times for to recompt
a thing in covert brest
All Physicke farre excels, I deeme
that seate to be the best.
That Virgin can from darkned Skies,
the duskie cloudes remove,
She can to parched corne give drinke
to make the Barne procure.
And when hir pleasure is, she can
cause springs in fields to rise,

And

The eight Egloge.

77

And when hir list repress the same
again in wondrous wise.
She can (if be hir pleasure) make
the baraine soile and grounde
As fatte as any pasture, and
make it with grayne abounde.
When *Scorpius* in his darksome lodge
and hellish house receines
The olde *Saturnus* frosty starres,
that worldly things bereaues
Of blissefull state, this Virgin can
inforce to kepe no cople:
The rattlyng hayle shall nothing nore
the Co:ne vpon the soyle.
The house shall neuer fall by fyre
or waiked be with flame:
For now they say, the Skies procure
and angrie starres the same.
Oh, if this Virgin be disposde,
she can make all things sure,
If she be frendly, corne shall fill
the barnes, she can procure
The beast to bring a twinne to light
to glad the maisters minde,
Pea and she list, although the sharpe
be drie and notte by kinde,

She

The eight Egloge.

She can enforce with twink of eye
and becke of friendly browe
The dugg to strout with milke, y back
with wooll, and Lambes ynowe.
She can remoue all vile disease
that noyes the hurtlesse Beast,
She can tell how to cure the flocke
with any grieve opprest.
Now needlesse is to follow *Pan*
or any rusticke Saint:
Which auncient folkes did honour so,
with follies mist attaint.
I sawe about the Altare of
this Virgine, sucking Kid,
Ploughs, Oxen, Shreep, & *Ianus* Goat,
and written there I spide
In table that at Altar hong
this Verse: Here *Ianus* hee
That lost his Goate, for Goate yfould
doth offer this to thee.
And whilste I red this writte on wall
with knee on marble stone
Saw *Pollux* pray before the Are
and Virgine call vpon.
He sayd: O Goddess that preseruest
both Towne and Countrey well

I pray that *Padus* boue his banks
and limites may not swell.
And that no Fayrie sucke by night
our babes in our armes,
For that such Weggis about our coast
may rangle with their charmes.
O Goddesse sauour husbandmen,
the wastfull Want destroy
That is our daylie foe, and doth
our pasture grounds anoye.
O Goddesse, when the Winter comes
and we haue sowne our seede,
Sende dolone some pleasant showres of
to moist the soile at neede (raine
Lest creeping wormes, and berrine vile
in yeare that is to come
Do gnaw & come with marring mouth
and lothsome little gumme.
From Borias blast defende the Fig,
from cruell Crane the Beanes,
The Haruest come from greedie Geese
ybred in Marrish Fennes.
The Oxe from spitting Adders iawes,
from Fore and Thiefe the Sheepe,
From Locust Coales & Lettis leaues,
the Time in Winter keepe.

The

The eight Egloge.

The flocke & folde from Woulfes deceit,
the corne from burning blast,
The dogs from madnesse, to wns fro fire
and thundring bolts ycast.
The legge of Bacon from the House,
the Gámon from the wight
That kepes the Campe, and in the ficlde
doth dayly vse to fight.
From Palmer, and the slouthfull : Oh,
I haue wel nie forgot
The rest, perhaps recitall of . .
the former Verse will not
Be hurtfull, but reduce to minde
what I had thought to say :
Wherefore I will begin agayne,
where I right now did stay.
The legge of Bacon from the Horse
the Gámon from the wight
That kepes the Campe, and in the field
doth dayly vse to fyght.
From Palmer and the slouthful Snaile
the Gardens greene as Grasse.
Sixt (*Alphus*) what a Verse can do :
now is it come to passe
As earst I thought it would in dede,
remembrance is renewde.

O Virgine saue from thunders roze
 the Drinke we lately brewde.
 Kepe wel the blossome Cwes from cold,
 the Calues from stinging flie.
 The Hogs fro squince & swelling throte
 so that they may not die.
 That Ploughmens labour be not lost
 O Goddesse do thy best,
 Let not the Wyues of Hony Bees
 by Hornets be oppress.
 Ne let the Lynet spill the Hirce
 or Myllet saxes destroy,
 Nor briers, by renting of the wolle
 ere sheare tyme, sharpe annoy.
 Let not the hangyng burrre sticke fast
 vpon the hairie flaxe
 That makes the flocke pilonecked, and
 his couering coate to lise.
 O Goddesse that dost gouerne men
 and hast of children care,
 O Goddesse ease to labouryng twights
 and suche as byde the care.
 The salue to such as are diseasede,
 of flockes the chiefest stay.
 I the beseeche to yelde a becke
 to this that I do say.

A milke shep
 herdes fir-
 ple request.

This

The eight Egloge.

This prayer deuoutly *Pollux* made
the whilst I leande my backe
Vnto a poast, and stayde my foote
against a staffe, it sticke
Within my braine that he had sayd,
his wordes I noted well,
I plaske the processe in my brest
that he before did tell. *

Alphus. How thinkest thou *Candid* is't not right
and reason that we should
To *Pollux* yelde some gift for prayers
and Sacred tale he tolde?
For sure by such devotion
our richesse are preserv'd. * * *

Candidus. What els? somewhat we must bestow,
for somewhat he deseru'd. *

Alphus. What that we giue? by th' Rode a Calf
is costly to forgoe,
We either will a Lambe, or Hare,
or Goose on him bestowe. * * *

Candidus. The time instructeth what to giue.
at Winter serues the Hare,
When for the Snowe he can no't
the Goose we best may spare
At latter end of Haruest time
when Sommer weares away

The

The eight Egloge: 80

The Filberd, Appels, clustred Grapes
about Midsummer day.

The sucking Kids, and bleating Lambs
at entring of the Spring.

For then if rotten have by chaunce
anoide them any thing,

O: any thou so weake espie,
as nether well can liue,

For butcher in the market place
for him will money giue,

(The gifte will be accepted well)
that Lambe of all the rest

Bestow (I say) to make a friende
with him I compt it best.

Let *Pollux* haue it for his paines
and solemne tale ytold.

He after dinner when that I
from him departed would,

Gave me such Verses as he founde
writte in some auncient booke

Of holy Virgins solemne feastes:
and said, I pray thee looke

Up on this geare when so by happe
thou art with care oppress,

Recount this medicine of the minde
and fixe it fast in brest.

What

The eight Egloge.

What tittle the Summe the *Lion* leaues
and *Virgo* entres in,

Then in remembrance of this Vir-
gin let the youth begin

And aged eke with siluer haire,
to triumph and be glad,

For then she left the earth and to
the Skies her iourney had.

The foure and twentieth after that
is holy day anewe,

This Virgins birth day makes y church
and altars (this is true)

With taper light to shine like fire
and glister all with flame :

Then doth y Priest new offrings make,
the time requires the same.

Then *Libra* makes returne in half
to cause the Sommer night

To be full equall with the day
and so appeare in sight.

The men of *Pycen* wahren glad
on *Adrianus* flood

Then come *Illyrians*, *Chaons* eke
and *Thuscans* with their good

And ware to sell for graby gayne,
from *Vmbria* oher come,

Vmbria

The eight Egloge. 81

Venetians, men of Sicill to
Lauretum temple come
By troupes to offer by their gifts :
and hauing prayde a time,
Up to the statelie mountaine they
in flockes together clime.
And when the Sunne doth enter in
his house that behds the Bowe
By shorter course, and bitter frosts
anoy the soile beloue,
Shut vp in Cloister close she did
the mightie God conceaue,
Which contemplation from hir head
did worldly thoughts bereaue.
Hir proper parents she forgot,
so much on God she thought.
And when that *Phœbus* flies the Bowe
whose string is bent so taught,
And gins vnto the lodging colde
of horned Goate to goe :
Then let both man and woman on
with garments best to shoue,
And let them keepe that sacred day
high holy feast, wherin
With sacred seeds that aged Sire
did fill his wife within.

The eight Egloge.

For in that day aboue the rest
she did conceiue the childe
That washt away the sinne that woulde
all mortall men defilde.
When Sol the moistic harbour of
Aquarius vnderglides,
At point to bring the Spring about:
then go you gallant brides
And Patrons, set the Altars ful
of torch and taper light,
Cast cense in flame to make a fume
bring candles blasing bright,
Make pompe as great as ere you can.
This Lady brought a bed
Hir little Babe hath borne to church
and hath full happily sped.
When he the Captaine of the hierd
with glittering fleece of golde
(I meane the Ramme) begins to quite
the earth from Winter colde,
And brings the gentle fitts of heate
and pleasant pusses of winde
Allowing day more houres than night,
as is the Sommers kinde,
Let Gabriell then the Angell come
and do his message right,

Decla

The eight Egloge. 81

Declar'ing tidings to the Nymph
that made the Nymph afright.
That Holie day the *Thuscans* all
from Mountains makes descende
And *Arnycols* procureth to
the *Florence* Church to wende.
And then (for why the Virgin was
not long before they say,
Espouse) becomes unwedded maid
to celebrate the day.

When *Phebus* vnder farthest point
of crawling Crabbe doth goe,
And Dogge approaching brings disease,
and makes the fevers growe:

Kepe holie eke that sacred tide,
with incense cast in fyre,
for *Mary* then from mother of *Iohn*
did home agayne retire.

About the stonie Altars hang
to either damme a share
(In token of your ioyfull hearts)
of Lady *Ceres* ware.

The Corne that first was ripe in fields,
and gan to change his helve,
Do offer that (I say) to them
that Mothers are to blew.

P. 4.

This

The eight Egloge:

This *Pollux* taught: for walking he
amid the Mountaines hie
A fielde to folde, did chaunce to cast
his raunging eyes to Skie
In cleare and quiete starrie night:
and saue by fortune there
The order of the Heauens, and how
the starres disposed were.
And more than these besides ytwis:
but fast declining Sunne
Will not permit as now we should
prolong our talke begunne.

¶ The .ix. Egloge en- titled *FALCO*.

The Argument.

Here *Faustul* hauing throughly tryde
the nature of the Romaine ground:
The vilenesse of the soyle, and Shep-
hiers filthy manners doth expound.

The speakers names.

Faustulus. *Candidus.*

The ninth Egloge. 83

O *Candid* howe befa's
 that thou from natue home
 A wight erilde in so;raine land
 and strangie Kealne dost come?
 For here no Pastures are
 no; Fountaines to be found,
 No safe Shæperoates, no shrouding sha
 to keepe the cattle sound. * des,
 Thus (*Faustul*) stands the case,
 one *Coridon* that in
 These quarters kept his flock, and by
 that meane great wealth did win,
 Draue me to deeme that here
 amyd these Mountaines was
 Most pleasant Pasture for my Shæpe,
 and holsome baine of grasse.
 But sithens now I see
 and plainly biewe with eye,
 The barren ground & Pastures pield,
 soile rockie, Fountaines drie,
 It yeks me that I came
 so rashly out of dore,
 The iourneys long, and leauing of
 my Countrey grieues me sore. * * *
 Well since it was thy happe
 in safetie to attaine

Faustulus.

Candidus.

Faustulus.

M.iii.

The

The ninth Egloge.

The Latine Pastures, I would crane
(if thou wilt take the paine)
To my poore house to come,
of fellowship do so,
I haue selue akers here of lande
to liue vpon, no mo
Than poorely will maintaine
my lowe and needie state:
But such as 'tis, take parte I pray
let runne in common rate.
Perhaps some better hap
and fortune will befall.
For Chaunce resembles much a blaft
of winde, to wanering th' all.
Come to my sedgie Coate
till raging heate be past,
And whilst the flock layd downe on soile
do chewe the Cud full fast.
Do way the Shepewooke, sit
thæ downe and tippie square:
We neede to drinke, by drinke we shall
auoide this seorching care.
Take thou the Cruse in hande,
for after drinke (they say)
The tale with better grace is tolde
it better goes away. * * *

What

The ninth Egloge.

84

What mad man would in such
a heate refuse the Cup? *

Candidus.

Pea, Wine doth quel the cruell thirst
if it be tippled vp.

Faustulus.

Wine doth diminish care
and dolours of the minde:

As wine brædes friendships, so it doth
augment the strength by kinde. *

This Countrey hath good Grapes,
if so they here do growe. * *

Candidus.

Fill out againe, the former draught
is but a tast you knowe.

Faustulus.

The seconde weates the iawes,
the third doth cole the rage

Of burning mouth, the fourth wth thirst
a cruel warre doth wage.

The fift full fiercely fights,
the sirt doth conquer aye,

The seauenth triumphs, Oenophilus
earst so was wont to say. *

'Tis wisdom to incline
and followe sounde aduise,

Candidus.

'Tis for the profite to giue eare
to aged Fathers wise.

Now thirst is conquerd well,
yet naythelesse my harte

M.iii.

Is

The ninth Egloge.

Is pensive aye, & thoughtful care
augments my wonted smart. * * *

Faustus. As thirst is banisht, so
the minde shall purchase ease:
Fill out the licour of the Grape,
Drinke freely if you please.

This Physick is to drive
the heart pangs out of place.

Rome to abandon cruell cares
this Medicine vsde like ease. *

Candidus. All toile and trauaile craues
a time of rest and stay,
Let bottle stande, and stoppe him close
to keepe the Flies away.

The day is nothing wette,
not dealwe is the night,

Which makes that forrage ca not grow
but is consumed quight.

Fell famine, cruell toile,
with heate of scorching aire

Haue made the Cattle passing leane,
and brought them in dispaire

Of cuer being fat:

scarce can they dralwe their winde,
Their guts are clung to eniptie skinne,
the bones sticke out behinde.

This

The ninth Egloge. 85

This Ramme that beate the Woulfe
with horne and bounding brow,
Is weaker than a Sherpe, a Lambe
doth passe his courage now.
Thus much the Crow declarde
with holy sacred bill:
But I was ouerhastly bent
to followe raging will.
Scarce was I cut of dore
but he was straight at hande,
And bringing yll abodement, gan
on houses top to stande
Upon the lefter side,
and with an angrie beake
With open signe of fell myschap
aloude began to squeake
O most unhappie beast,
that wonted wert of pore
When on our soile thou feddest, to bring
of Milke and Cattle store,
Nowe seeking Pastures newe,
more kindly strength dost misse
By wearie trauaile, than by foode
thou gained hast yrisse.
Here both we faint yfcare,
thou with thy slender fare,

M.D.

And

The ninth Egloge.

And I poore twight in sunder crush
with cruel girding care.

Now is our countrey stuff

with wealth : what Medow grounds

Have we : What pastures graine as

within our Countrey bounds : (letke

O merrie ioyfull soile,

and fertile fieldes to see,

Where aye is Come vpon the grounde

and where fresh riuers bee

Aye passing through the Townes

and Burroughs where we worne,

And where through erie Village and

eche Garden flouds do ronne,

This makes the goodly flocks

and Pasture fieldes so fatte.

When crabbed *Cancer* rules, and men

do plie the threshing batte,

And scorching Iulie scaldes :

the fieldes do flourish greene,

The Apples grow in euerie hedge.

amid the brakes are scene

Sweete smelling floures euerie where

and pleasaunt to the nose,

In euerie bush there standes on stalke

of euerie hue a Rose.

O plea:

O pleasant shade of Groves
and sound of trembling leaues,
Which earst (I munde) with thee I had
among the shadie greaues.
Where we the Turtles plaint
and Swallowes songs did heare
And *Philomela*s sundrie tunes,
when Locusts first appeare,
That make the Groves to ring
with shrill and shrieking cries,
The aire that shooke the leauie boughs
from *Eurus* did arise.
Aloft our heads the tree
• that *Cornus* hight there hangde,
Whose boistrous armes were all about
with Berries brauely spangde.
I sitting on the grounde
saue how the beasts did spoete,
And tender Lambs with hurtlesse horns
did fight in friendly sorte.
And when that sleepe was past,
or staring to the Skies.
I blew my Pipe, or else did sing
what best I mought deuise.
Another while I would
layd grasse vpon the grasse,

Plucke

The ninth Egloge.

Pluck Strawberies fro slender stalkes
the time alway to passe. * *

Faustulus. Then happie was thy life,
thou wert a blessed wight,
But of that friendly Fortune thou
didst take no greate delight.
Thou scornst that present state,
a worse not having tride,
And that procure that Fortune so
away from thee did glide.
When so it comes againe,
(if euer thou haue the happe)
Euen as the braunches of the Vine
the propping poastes do lappe,
And them environ growe
fast clasping them about :
So catch hir with thy hands, and caught
let hir no way get out.
She goes and makes returne,
and often chaungeth hue :
Much like the Hegg that by reporte
about the Mountaines flue,
And ranged in the darke
and shadie Mist of night.
And as this Fortune shifts hir looks,
and chops and chaungeth sight,

So

So wandring is hir minde,
 meere iestings are hir ioyes:
 Loke what she gaue she takes againe,
 no reason, all in toyes.

The man that seares the worst,
 or warely lookes about,
 She scornes and as an abiect hates,
 she shuts the Dastard out. *

As oft as we to minde
 do call our Countrey soile
 We can not patiently endure
 this wofull wearie toile.

Candidus.

But whether run my wits
 that am tormented thus?
 To double present woe do I
 now think on former blisse?

Now merrie May is come,
 the Vine is greene to biewe,
 Now Corne hath taken eire, Pomegra-
 nats are of golden hielwe.

Oche where the bushes smell,
 the Elder trees are white
 Within our Countrey, al about
 both Pade and Mince in sight.

But here yet scarcely do
 the Groues begin to bodd,

And

The ninth Egloge.

And if so be that in the spring
the ground be dead, by th' Rood
What will it do when force
of Winter coms in place,
And soile is clad with frostie clothes
or scalding Summers blase ?
Yet here are hieords of beastes
with slick and finest skin,
Upon whose boistrous brauned neckes
the yoke hath neuer bin :
Whose sorheads hardned are
with double horne to see,
No doubt, vnlesse they fed agone,
they could not lightly bee
Deawlapped so before
with tangles hanging downe. * * *

Faunulus. These beasts whose loftie heads & lokes
are lifted hie from groune,
And haue such spindle shankes
and goe with loftie gates :
Deuoure bp all, first grasse, and then
they make the boughs their caten.
With bpward reaching iawes
and greedie gaping chappe,
They chew the chieffest pasture grounds
and trees in sunder snappe.

This

This weake and tiellie beaſt
that only feedes on graſſe
That growes on ground, doth faſt full oft
in Paſtures bare as glaſſe. *

What needes ſuch lauiſh talke?
all living things of kind

Candidus.

Haue this condition, aye the ſmall
the great his foe doth finde.

The Lambe is praie to Woulfe,
to Eagle gentle Doves,

The Delphin hunts the hurtleſſe fiſh
that in the wallowe moues.

How coms this geare about?
a monſtrous thing it is.

This place, if from aloft thou looke
will ſeeme to be yewis

Good paſture ground and fine,
as full of graſſe as needes:

But how much nêerer that you come,
the more appeare the wêedes,

Then ſhewes the fiſh his kinde,
then plainly 'tis diſcrib'd. * * *

Rome is to men as to the birds
the Owle with viſage wide,

Faustulus.

She ſits vpon a ſtocke,
and like a ſtately Quêene

With

The ninth Egloge.

With loftie becks she calls a farrre
The Birds that nie hir beene.
The route suspecting nought
together come apace,
They martell at hir pickt eares
and gaskly glewing face,
And at hir monstrous head
and crooked bending byll :
Whilst thus (I say) they hoppe about
not minding any yll,
From sprig to sprig, from bough
to bough, from tree to tree,
Some threaded are with lymed lace,
with twigs some other bee
caught : thus all as pray
vnto the Beatch do goe. *

Candidas. O this is passing, nothing can
be better sayde I trowe.
But see how yonder Snake
with crooked crawling pace
Glides on the grauell ground, and as
he cometh to thy place
With thirstie gaping iawes
and tong infectes the aire. * *

Faustulus. O Candid minde well what I say,
let to thy breast repaire,

What

The eight Egloge. 89

What time thou wandrest in the wood
thine eyes defende
And garde with hat, for bushie thornes
their poinant pricks pretende
To noy thy face, and if
thou take not great good heede
The crooked hanging brymbles will
rent off thy crooked weede.
Do not alway thy Croke,
haue bolome full of stones,
Least some nelve vnerpected foe
oppresse thee for the nones.
Put on thy Cokers eke
and stirteps to beware,
The bushie Groues are ful of Snakes,
with bite they breede our care,
In daylie hazard of our lines,
and now the Sommer makes
Their popsoned Venom ranchle soze
where so by chaunce it takes.
A thousand Wolues there be,
as many Foxes here
Belowe in bottome of the Tale,
that do not yet appere.
And (monstrous thing to speake)
my selfe haue sene with eye

R. J.

Men

The ninth Egloge:

Men Moultrie shape and manners put
in proufe and practize I,
That with their flocks haue dealt
too cruelly in dæde,
And all imbzude with slaughter of
their beaſts they forſt to blæde.
The neighbour places laugh,
no: feare the cruell ſpoile,
No: once will go about to ſtoppe
this grædie bloudie bzoule.
And oftentimes appeare
fell bglie ſhapes to ſight,
Which earth by influence vile bzings
ſometime the Dogs do ſight (forth,
And vſe ſuch cruell rage,
as farre they do ſurpaſſe
The tyrannie of bloudie Wolues:
that route that rampire was
And garde to flocks of yore,
put on a wrathfull minde,
And ſlay the ſellie Cattle that
their fortune is to finde.
In Egypt men report
they honourd certaine beaſts
And ſundrie coumpted Gods to be
with pompe and ſolemne feaſts.

That

That superstition was
 deserving lesser blame
 Than ours, for we to every beast
 a severall Altar frame :
 A thing contrary quite
 to God, and lawes of kinde.
 For he ordainde a man as heade
 and chiefe of brytish kinde.
 And sundrie times the hote
 and scalding Summers rayes
 And plagie yeare approacheth fast,
 that every beast decays
 About the open fieldes :
 the sucking Lambe that cries
 At deade Dams teate himselfe with vile
 disease on sodaine dies.
 Euen bnderneath the yoke
 the Oxen leese their breath,
 And as they travaile in the way
 yelde life to cruell death.
 No reason in the plague,
 no Physicke to asslake
 This venome bile, and poysonde filth :
 but house from house doth take
 Infection of the same,
 and drinkes by deadly soze,

R. y.

And

The eight Egloge:

And dayly so contagion of
this poyson growes to moze.
This plague kills lightly no
fell sauage bluddie beast,
The yong ones prosper too too well,
the Wolues make gladsome feast
And rend with ruthlesse chaps
our siellie cattile that
But lately dide, and by our losse
thus Wolues do wahren fat. *

Candidus. Alas unhappie I,
what rash and foolish moode
Drewe me: who so doth credit fame,
I think him mad and wodd.
Of Romaine hils I heard,
of stately Tyber cake,
And men of goodlie Romaine rofes
and buildings carst did speake.
I out of hand had great
desire to see the same,
And leade my life within a soile
that was of such a name.
With halfe my hieerd I came
(a mad man in my thought)
For whie with me both Tent and all
my Shepherds trinckets brought
Through

The ninth Egloge. 91

Throughout the Mountaines hie,
Pailles, Pans ymade of brasse,
With Caldrons, Chæsefat eke, and all
the rest that fittest was
For making of the Chæse,
and so it was my hap
To lose my troublous trauaile and
my charges at a clap.
Alas what shall I doe?
which way my selfe conuert?
The hoped pleasures are denied,
there are in erie parte
So many dangerous hips,
so sundrie perils prest,
As I am driuen vnto my Coate
again to take my rest:
Constrainde of force to say
and graunt it ill begonne,
The toile I toke in hand of late
by heate of scalding sunne,
By wearie trauaile home to flocks
I am enforst to runne.
Alas unhappie hierd,
O Shephierd yll accurst,
More better had it bene for thee
if thou hadst staide at first

P.iii.

At

The ninth Egloge.

At home in native soile,
and there haue waren olde
(Than thither to haue rashly come)
wher thou moughtst haue bē bold
In countrey well beknohne of thee,
and coast exceeding colde :
And *Padus* banckes about,
and *Athesis* too strapde,
Or there wher *Myncius* thowart & fields
and Pastures runnes vnsaide.
Or else where *Abdua* with
his siluer chanel flowes
To haue remainde, and fed thy bierde
with swete and holsome bowes. * *

Faustus. This light beliefe of thine,
both thee and me beguiles,
For I haue sene those gracie wights
that longd to climbe erewhiles
And sate in pleasures mount,
from praised goods to slip,
For could escape: Experience
causeth men beware the whip.
The warie children trie
and wisely looke about,
For follow ery liked thing
though braggers boast it out.

Now

The ninth Egloge. 92

Now chiefest things theyr laude
and earned praise do want,
That were of yore right worthy fame,
(all these I needes must graunt)
Whose names alone remaine :
as *Lune* and *Adria* eake,
And *Saluya* with auncient *Troie*
of whome did *Umber* speake.
But (as I sayd) the names
are now aliue and left,
The rest ingratfull wasting Time
and fretting Age hath rest.
Though now of lesser laude
and praise our Countrey bee,
Yet better is the thing perhaps.
Eche man aliue doth see
And knowes what great renoune
Rome euer had ere this :
The same (good sayth) as yet remaines,
the auncient gaine begis
And profit is suppress.
Those floods that earst did flowe
Atwhart the fields and Pasture grounds,
finde lacke of licour nowe.
Drie are the *Wellie* baines,
the moisture quite is gone,
R.iii. Po

The ninth Egloge.

No cloud doth shoure, nor Tyber glides.
the gasping fieldes vppon.

Time auncient Conduites hath
and leaden Pipes defast,

The Towres are in decay : wherfore
hence hence (my Goates) in hast.

Here wons but famine nowe,
here want of wealth doth raigne :

Yet here (they say) doth dwell, and we
our selues haue seene it plaine

A Shephierd, one that of
the Falcon, *Falco* hight,

Well storde of flaxie Shrepe, for Pa-
sture grounds a wealthie wight.

That in his Songs excels
the antique Poets, and

The fullfull *Orpheus* that both woods
and rockes about the land

By force of Musike drew,
the rest of Romaine race

He so farre doth surpassse (a strange
and monstrous boggie case)

As Padus Tybers streame,
and Abdua Macras flood,

The Willow Wuirush, Thistle Rose,
the Seaweedes Popple wood.

¶

The ninth Eglogue

93

We thinke him not unlike
 that noble worthe wight
 Whose Altars *Mars* made to shine
 twelue daies with sacred light.
 This Shepherd keeps his flocks,
 with farre more watchfull care
 Than *Argus* did that in his head
 a hundreth watchmen bare.
 And *Daphnis* not alone,
 but that *Apollo* eake
 That fed *Admetus* hierd in Thes-
 sale soile as Poets speake.
 Well worthe to succede
 and take the charge in hand
 Of Fisher that forewent his nets,
 and kept his Sherpe at land.
 He knowes the way to garde
 his cattle, how to drie
 Diseases from infected flocks,
 and saue his Lambs aline :
 Moist eke the Pasture groundes,
 giue grasse, let riuers goe,
 And reconcile the mightie Ioue,
 abandon theirish for.
 Beate off the barking Moulse,
 that seekes the beasts to kill.

N.b.

Q Candid

The ninth Egloge.

O *Candid* here make thy abode
if so be *Falcos* will :

But if he once restraine
his fauour and his grace,
Dzine thou away the hieude, and haste
to seeke a better place.

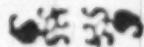
FINIS.





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Faultes escaped in Printing.

Leaf.1. side.1. line.12. fo2 flock reade flocks

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natus. Among the

Leaf.20. side.1. line.20. fo2 (mourning
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fo2 affects) reade affects

Leaf.24. side.2. line.25. word read words

Leaf.26. side.1. line.14. his reade this

Leaf.29. side.1. line.8. geue reade gaue

Leaf.38. side.2. line.21. fo2 weakeful reade
weakefull

Leaf.40. side.2. line.3. fo2 makes reade
make & fo2 temple reade temples

Leaf.52. side.1. line.11. Boreas reade Borias

Leaf.57. side.2. line.23. fo2 from reade to

Leaf.63. side.2. line.2. I reade Cornix. I

Leaf.64. side.2. line.11. fo2 ouergoe reade
ouergrowe.

Leaf.68. side.2. line.3. fo2 painted painting

Leaf.69. side.1. line.4. fo2 fran: reade
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Leaf.75. side.2. line.2. fo2 D Candid reade
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Leaf.88. side.2. line.23. fo2 thy reade the